The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* June *will be noticed in the* July *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th July, *in the* August *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

We understand that Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, at present appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, under the title 'Hearts Insurgent,' has been very considerably modified for the purpose of serial publication. It will, of course, be restored to its original state when published in book form by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co. It will be included in the 6s. series of Mr. Hardy's books now being issued by that firm.

We understand that Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare is to publish an autobiography. It will be of high interest, and readers generally will learn with pleasure that it is to be of very unusual length, extending, we believe, to no fewer than six volumes. Three of these will be published by Mr. George Allen without much delay, the others are to follow later on.

Mr. R. D. Blackmore is writing a new story with the most attractive title, 'Slain by the Doones.' It is said to be a very graphic and spirited bit of work. It will appear first in a new annual published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. Mr. Blackmore proposes to write three or four tales to accompany it when issued in volume form.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling are to sail for India in the autumn. It is understood that Mr. Kipling is collecting material for a series of articles to be published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Mr. Kipling proposes to write a book on American backwoods life.

Mr. Lang has found a commonplace book kept in 1689-1691 by the Rev. Robert Kirk, of Aberfoyle, who, as every one knows, was finally carried off by the fairies! Mr. Kirk went to London to superintend the printing of the Gaelic Bible. He chronicles his impressions of men and manners, and gives his opinion of the Church of England, the Roman Catholics, the Jews, the Presbyterians, the Quakers. He also sees Bartholomew Fair, admires the actresses, views the boxing matches, and records the number and variety of drinks. He argues on second-sight with Stillingfleet, and makes notes on the expenses of the navy.

Mr. Austin Dobson will not issue his third series of 'Eighteenth Century Vignettes' this year. He is still working at it, and hopes to publish it in 1896. With this book Mr. Dobson intends to take final leave of the subject.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is still living with friends in California, whither she went a year ago. She has been visiting Mrs. Graham, the author of 'Sorrows of the Foothills,' published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, of Boston.

Dr. Richard Garnett has completed a volume on 'The Age of Dryden.' It will be published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons.

Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell is engaged on a volume of selections from Mr. Coventry Patmore. It will differ in purpose and scope from the exquisite 'Florilegium Amantis' edited by Dr. Garnett. The object is to bring out the "pathos and delight" of Mr. Patmore's poetry. Mrs. Meynell also proposes to publish by and by a second volume of Essays, which will probably be in the main critical.

Sir Charles Wilson has completed his handbook of Asia Minor, and it will be published shortly by Mr. Murray. Professor W. M. Ramsay and Mr. D. G. Hogarth have contributed historical chapters.

Messrs. Blackwood are to publish a volume of short stories by Mr. D. S. Meldrum, under the title of 'The Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe.' They have also in the press a book of Wiltshire sketches, which will be entitled 'Toilers of the Field: Scenes in a West Country Hamlet.'

Messrs. Blackwood will publish early in June 'Two Suffolk Friends,' articles by our contributor, Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, on his father, Archdeacon Groome, and Edward Fitzgerald. Both articles will be considerably extended, and there will be numerous illustrations from photographs of Monk Soham and Littlegrange, etc.

Messrs. Isbister have in preparation a work on the Episcopal Palaces of England by the Rev. Precentor Venables and others, with a hundred and twenty illustrations by Alexander Ansted. A single and strictly limited edition of the book will be published, and the price will be one guinea. The volume will be a very handsome and desirable one.

A correspondent writes: "In some respects the late Mr. E. A. Freeman was a very amusing person, though sensitive people with a defective sense of humour were naturally more hurt than tickled by his peculiarities. Mr. Freeman himself would not have been pleased had he known what hilarious sport he made every now and then for the Philistines of the case-room when he sent in the proof of one of his articles. Of course he was infallible; not a comma must be altered; it was useless to point out a possible slip of the pen. Let the 'reader' attend to his own work;

which manifestly was to reproduce the author's text—and as a rule a very crabbed, blotchy, and stiff text it was. It is to be feared that none of the marginal reproaches and bursts of indignation with which he returned his corrections have been preserved. On one occasion the audacious compositor stolidly embodied his vehement asides in the corrected text, and the 'reader' quietly 'queried' them. We looked for cataclysms, but somehow, I fancy, it must for once have struck Mr. Freeman that if there was only one English historian in the world there were still some men."

Among the books which Messrs. Isbister have in preparation is a 'Literary Study of the Bible—an account of the leading forms of literature represented in the Sacred Writings,' by R. G. Moulton, M.A., who was formerly lecturer in literature under the Local Lectures Syndicate of Cambridge, and who occupies at present the chair of English Literature in the University of Chicago.

Mr. Laurence Hutton is spending some time in Paris, and is engaged in collecting material for a new book on 'The Literary Landmarks of Paris.' His papers on 'The Literary Landmarks of Venice, Florence, and Rome' will be issued in October.

Two volumes dealing with the French people are to be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall shortly. One is 'French Men and French Manners,' by Mr. Vandam, the author of 'The Englishman in Paris.' The other is the 'Recollections' of an Englishman in Paris, the Hon. D. A. Bingham. Captain Bingham has lived the greater part of his life in the French capital, and these 'Recollections' will occupy two volumes, the greater part of one of which will treat of the events of the Commune.

M. Paul Verlaine has been confined to his bed for more than two months, and is still unable to leave his room. Since the commencement of his illness he has written several poems, and he will have a new volume of verse ready for the press shortly. Some of the new poems are as beautiful as the most exquisite lyrics in 'Sagesse' or 'Amour.' A selection of Verlaine's poems, with an introduction by Professor York Powell, will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane.

We understand that while Alphonse Daudet has been in London he has taken the opportunity of committing the care of his literary affairs outside France to Mr. A. P. Watt.

Mr. S. R. Crockett has recently removed from Siena, where he has been staying for some little time, and is now in Bellagio. Mr. Crockett is busy finishing the MS. of the story to be published in the *Graphic* in the early part of next year.

Mr. Gilbert Parker has just returned from the United States bringing with him the MS. of his new book to be published early next month by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and entitled 'When Valmond came to Pontiac.' Mr. Gilbert Parker's recently published tale of adventure, 'The Trail of the Sword,' has had a sale exceeding about four times that of any of his previously published books.

Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's 'Under the Red Robe' has recently been dramatized, and the play will be produced in New York during the forthcoming autumn season.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who has been in London for some two or three weeks, returns to Davos on Thursday, and does not expect to be back in town until next year.

Sir Evelyn Wood's book on the Crimea which Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in the press is based upon the author's articles in the *Fortnightly*, but these will be entirely re-written. Sir Evelyn visited the Crimea last year with Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the nature of the volume may be guessed from the title, 'The Crimea, 1854, 1894.' It will be illustrated by drawings made by Colonel Colville.

Dr. William Wright, author of 'The Brontës in Ireland,' who was present at the opening of the Brontë Museum at Haworth on May 18th, sends us some interesting information about the ceremony and the circumstances attending it. The large number of persons present were, he says, not especially drawn from the literary world or by literary interest merely. Local patriotism probably drew thither many of the "great muscular Yorkshire men, accompanied by strong, comely women, employers and employed, some in carriages and some on foot." So great was the crowd that Dr. Wright was obliged to watch from the fringe of the assembly the proceedings of the opening ceremony in which he was advertised to take an official part.

"What are these people crowding here for?" I said to a man who may have been a common labourer.

"We have come," he deliberately replied, "to make up for our past neglect of the Brontës. We don't move very fast in Yorkshire," he added, "but we do move when we have made up our minds."

"Were the Brontës great people?" I enquired.

"Nobody thought so when they were here," he answered; "but they are now said to be the greatest geniuses Yorkshire ever produced."

"Did you ever see them?" I asked.

"Oh yes, scores of times," he replied. "They were very shy. They always had books under their arms. They seemed as if they did not like to be looked at, and when I met them they would hitch up their cloaks or shawls about their necks and walk very fast, and scared-like, till they got past. They were active on their feet."

"As soon as the Museum was opened a portion of the crowd rushed in. The admission was regulated by good-natured policemen; but it was nearly three hours before all had been admitted. The collection and arrangement of the Brontë relics reflect the greatest credit on all who have had to do with them, and the patience of the people had an ample reward. The manuscripts of some of the stories promised by Smith, Elder and Co. had not arrived, but there was enough to enable anyone gifted with a little imagination to reconstruct the old home in the vicarage. . . . .

"The portraits can scarcely be called works of art, but they are perhaps more real on that account. The letters of different periods, from the first known to have been written by Charlotte, are a most interesting study—paper, ink, form, style, each has its own story to tell. Various editions of the books were exhibited, and there was an old book belonging to the Brontës in Ireland with the name 'Brontë' clearly written at a time when it has been conjectured that they were called 'Prunty.' The illustrations taken from 'The Brontës in Ireland' have a prominent place of honour. . . . .

"At the evening meeting, held in the Wesleyan Chapel, there was a large and most appreciative audience. The chair was taken by Alderman John Brigg, the candidate selected to succeed Sir Isaac Holden in the Keighley Division of Yorkshire, and it was interesting to learn from him, and from other thoughtful Yorkshire men, that the theory that Emily Brontë evolved 'Wuthering Heights' out of her brother's woes was always looked upon as an unsatisfactory hypothesis. No one had ever met any of the characters of that awful tragedy at Haworth, or on the Yorkshire moors. No one who had the least insight into Emily Brontë's character could ever have conceived the thought that she would have worked the sins and sorrows of the boy she loved so dearly into printer's copy for an English public."

Mrs. Batson is writing a story which will appear in Messrs. Smith and Elder's series of one-volume novels.

It is a mistake to suppose that the great controversy upon the question of the accuracy of Professor Freeman's account of the Battle of Hastings has closed. The 'War of the Palisades' is by no means over. The present cessation of hostilities is merely a truce. Already we hear that one of the combatants is making active preparation for a renewal of the contest. Mr. Round is writing a book on the Battle of Hastings. Meanwhile, Mr. Archer awaits events, fully confident of the ultimate victory.

Mr. William Tirebuck's new novel, 'Miss Grace of All Souls,' will be published here and in America next autumn, instead of the spring, as previously announced.

Mr. Tirebuck has a series of 'Tales from the Welsh Hills' at present running through English, Welsh, and Scotch papers.

Mr. Andrew Lang contributes to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* a short, but bright and carefully written, article on literary events in England. We quote a few of his estimates. Of Miss Rossetti he says:

"The death of Miss Christina Rossetti does not make the same blank in popular literatnre, nor cause a loss so widely felt, as the death of Mr. Stevenson. Yet there can be little doubt that we are now deprived of the greatest English poet of the sex which is made to inspire poetry, rather than to create it. Except Mrs. Browning, we have no one to be named with Miss Rossetti in all the roll call of our literary history. This, to be sure, does give the advocates of feminine intellectual equality something to reflect upon. We have had, it is true, in Scotland, lady lyrists whose songs, like Lady Nairne's, and Lady Anne Lindsay's, I myself prefer to all the works of Miss Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, Miss Procter, and Mrs. Hemans. But, for the quality of conscious art, and for music and colour of words in regular composition, Miss Rossetti seems to myself to have been unmatched. The faults of Mrs. Browning she did not follow, and curious it is that the more learned lady shows most of the errors which learning is supposed to counteract. Things of Miss Rossetti's will live with things of Carew's and Suckling's."

Mr. J. A. Symonds is thus characterised:

"Another writer whose rather tumultuous and turbid vein learning did not correct, was Mr. J. A. Symonds. Mr. Horatio Brown's biography of his friend is modest and skilful. Mr. Symonds, let us confess, like Mr. James Boswell, loved to chronicle copiously the ups and downs of his own moods, 'which you like to tell, and I hate to hear of,' said Dr. Johnson. Mr. Symonds does not appear to have set too high an estimate on his own industrious ingenuity, so fluent, so active, and, somehow, so devoid of original mark. What was it he lacked? One has often asked the question. Perhaps he simply lacked the indefinable quality of genius, and, at times, the more easily recognizable quality of taste. He was a popularizer, not a creator, not even a critic of unmistakable stamp. He did his very best, and he did much, but he did not satisfy himself or the world. There is plenty of open air as well as of the study in his letters."

Of Mr. Pater, Mr. Lang says:

"He, assuredly, was original: genius he had, if perhaps, in expressions, he was over-much bent on writing better than human language permits any man to write. He gives one the impression of a mind which was 'seeking for a city,' long and sedulously and which wearied at last of the way of art, and strove to force a passage into a narrower, a steeper, but a more hopeful path."

Mr. Max Pemberton has completed a short story entitled 'The Little Huguenot.'

We understand that the announcement that Lord Stanley of Alderley has written a book upon the present philosophic attitude towards religion is incorrect. He has, however, translated the Abbé Lemennais' 'Essay on Religious Indifference,' and written a preface for it.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford has written a new short story for publication in the forthcoming Christmas number of the 'Lady's Pictorial.'

We hear that the publication of Dr. George MacDonald's new story entitled 'Lilith' has now been definitely fixed for the early part of September.

Mrs. Alexander has recently completed the MS. of a new novel entitled 'The Bend Sinister.'

Mr. Walter Besant is now completing the MS. of a new story which will appear in the early part of next year in *Chambers's Journal*, where his 'Ivory Gate' was published some two or three years ago.

Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co., although they have not yet properly subscribed a 6s. edition of 'Trilby,' are said to have already received orders for some fifteen thousand copies.

Mr. Guy Eden, of the publishing firm of Remington and Co., who wrote a stirring story of Australian life entitled 'The Cry of the Curlew,' has completed a new novel. It will appear shortly, and the title will be 'He went out with the Tide.'

Mr. Clement Scott has in preparation, and Messrs Remington will publish, an extremely interesting book, entitled 'From "The Bells" to "King Arthur."' This is a review of all Mr. Irving's productions since his appearance in "The Bells" in 1871, and it will be brought up to date. Considerable interest will be lent to it by reproductions of the original casts, to secure which, in many cases, Mr. Scott has been put to great trouble and expense. The volume will be illustrated by over thirty drawings by Mr. Fred Burnard, Mr. Bernard Partridge, Mr. Hawes Craven, and others.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., of Boston, have just published an edition for the American market of Prof. Dowden's new book 'New Studies in Literature,' the English edition of which was issued here towards the end of last month by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will issue almost immediately Mr. Geoffrey Drage's new book entitled 'The Problem of the Aged Poor.'

We give some lists of new books, in order of demand, as sold between March 1st and April 1st, 1895, in America, from the American *Bookman*. It is interesting to observe how largely English books figure in these lists.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. The Story of Christine Rochefort. By Helen Choate Prince $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Churches and Castles of Mediæval France. By W. C. Larned. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
5. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. A Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)
2. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans.)
3. History of the People of the U. S. Vol. IV. By McMaster. $2.50. (Appleton.)
4. Mystery of Cloomber. By Conan Doyle. 50 cts. (Fenno.)
5. Chimmie Fadden. By Townsend. 50 cts. (Lovell, Coryell.)
6. Astor. By Paul Randall. 50 cts. (G. W. Dillingham.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Foundations of Belief. By Balfour. $2.00. (Longmans, Green.)
4. Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Social Evolution. By Kidd. Paper, 25 cts.; cloth, $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Degeneration. By Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Two Women and a Fool. By Chatfield Taylor. $1.50. (Stone & Kimball.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Little Sister to the Wilderness. By Lilian Bell. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Degeneration. By Max Nordau. $3.50. (Appleton.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Manxman. By Hall Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Trilby. By Du Maurier. $1.75. (Harper.)
4. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Princess Aline. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Honour of Savelli. By Yeats. $1.00. (Appleton)

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

APRIL 21 to MAY 18, 1895.

During the period above indicated trade has, for the time of the year, been satisfactory. This is always a quiet month, but there have been decided improvements at intervals. At the moment of writing it has eased off somewhat, and is likely to continue dull until after "St. Lubbock's Day." Trade with foreign countries and the colonies is about normal, but there is still room for more. Some fair orders from Australia have been received, and it is hoped that business there is mending.

Considering the time of the year, the number of new books and new editions issuing from the press is unparalleled. A literary journal recently stated upon the best authority that upwards of one hundred new books and editions have been appearing each week for some time past. These include many works of considerable importance, which makes this state of things all the more wonderful. Against this it must be borne in mind that although the numbers increase the total sales do not show a corresponding rise. This points to very small editions and very short lives for a large proportion of the publications in question.

A facsimile reprint of the author's favourite edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Cadell in 1829, is being issued. The sales show that Sir Walter Scott is as popular as ever among the lovers of sound fiction. These, it is well known, are the mainstay of the true bookseller.

New editions of Tourist's and Cyclist's Guide Books and Itineraries are pouring in daily. The total sales of this class of publication would seem incredible to anyone outside the trade.

Just now the various illustrated handbooks to the Royal Academy are selling freely, and the reproduction of the pictures seems each year to excel the previous issue. It must, however, be a somewhat difficult matter for the country bookseller to stock them.

Most noticeable among magazines is the steadily growing favour with which the *Woman at Home* is meeting. Its success must by this time be assured. *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Quiver*, and *Strand Magazine* seem to be the leading family magazines of the hour. The number of small religious periodicals is quite alarming, every shade of thought having its organ.

The public seems to fancy the rather odd-looking volumes of the Autonym and Pseudonym Libraries and the more recent Zeit-Geist Library. The success of the Pseudonyms produced many imitators, but apparently no rivals.

A new issue of George Eliot's novels in 2s. 6d. volumes is meeting with a favourable reception, which points to a continued interest in this authoress. The same may be said of the cheaper issue of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels.

There is still a considerable output of Albums of Views, more especially of the British Isles, and the sales will no doubt continue during the holiday season.

The interest in matters concerning the Far East is well sustained. A third edition of Norman's 'Peoples and Politics of the Far East' has just been published, and is going freely. This interest is also shown by the issue of novels bearing such titles as 'Her Celestial Husband,' 'A Japanese Marriage,' etc., etc.

Appended is a list of the more popular publications at the time of writing. It seems to indicate a taste for more varied reading, as the proportion of novels is smaller. Of course, this is not the time of the year for ascertaining the literary appetite of the British public.

Zoraida. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Gallia. By M. M. Dowie. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Honor of Savelli. By S. L. Yeats. 6s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Bog-Myrtle and Peat. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Into the Highways and Hedges. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s.
Master (The). By I. Zangwill. 6s.
Woman who Did (The). By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.
Eliot's (G.) Works. Standard Edition. 2s. 6d. per volume.
Lord Oakburn's Daughters. By Mrs. H. Wood. 2s. and 2s. 6d.
R. L. Stevenson, etc. By R. Le Gallienne. 4s. 6d. net.
Peoples and Politics of the Far East. By H. Norman. 21s.
Social Evolution. By B. Kidd. 5s. net.
Napoleon. By Sir G. Wolseley. 3s. 6d.
Wellington. By Lord Roberts. 3s. 6d.
Zeit-Geist. By L. Dougall. 1s. 6d. and 2s.
The Atonement. By R. W. Dale. 4s. net.
The Clergy and the Catechism. By S. Jones. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending

April 27, 1895.—Opened quietly, but gradually improved. Colonial and foreign trade steady all round.

May 4, " —A light week, and almost featureless. Foreign about the same, colonial a little better.

" 11, " —Trade improved considerably during the week, but finished rather easier. Colonial much quieter. Foreign, ditto.

" 18, " —A better week on the whole for the time of the year, but ending quietly. Colonial and foreign a little livelier.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE journalists are attacking Emile Zola for inconsistency because, whereas fifteen years ago he wrote contemptuously about politics, at the last dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres, he raised his glass—a Minister being present—to "The Union of Politics and Literature." Now, although I do not see what possible union there can be between politics and literature, I do not understand these attacks. The charge of inconsistency is absurd. Who of us holds to-day in every respect the same opinions which he held fifteen years ago? A man develops, or shifts, in such a period, and who shall blame him for it?

It appears that I was wrong in stating, as I stated last month, that Octave Mirbeau's wonderful 'Journal d'une Femme de Chambre' is about to appear in book form. My statement was made on good authority, but I have better authority for denying it. The authority, indeed, of Octave Mirbeau himself. I dined with him at the "Nouvelle Revue" dinner some days ago, and he said as to the "Journal." "No . . . not yet . . . Charpentier wants it . . . but it is incomplete, . . . and I don't know," and so on. It is a pity, because as I said last month, this 'Journal d'une Femme de Chambre' is a most excellent story of woman's life in a certain class of society.

These dinners of "La Nouvelle Revue" are very pleasant gatherings. One pays a *cotisation* of ten shillings, and one meets Ministers, not to speak of the most prominent literary men in Paris. And one dines at little tables—like at Pembroke College, Oxford—so that one can be with one's friends. The Ministers, of course, sit at the high table, that is to say, with Madame Adam, and discuss Gambetta and the low beginnings of Opportunism. At the dinner to which I am referring, there were two Ministers present — Poincare, of Public Instruction, and André Lebon, of Commerce, both very young men, barely out of the twenties. Both are very amiable, and appear anxious to do as much for literature and litterateurs as possible; in which respect these young men differ widely from the Government of a certain country which I could name.

It was only a day or two ago that I learned that the admirable novels by "J. H. Rosny" are the work of the two Rosnys, two brothers, J. Rosny and H. Rosny, who have been collaborating from the first. People are of opinion that this fraternal collaboration will not be a success. I am unable to agree with this opinion. The novels by J. H. Rosny are perhaps the most striking contributions to contemporary French literature, a fact which has been admitted in my hearing by the best French writers. I may compare the talents of the two brothers to that of Dostoievsky, although—in spite of the fact that the Rosnys have suffered in life quite as much as ever did the author of 'Crime and Punishment'—there is less bitterness expressed. I have just received from their publishers a new novel entitled 'L'Autre Femme,' which deals with the same problem as Daudet's 'La Petite Paroisse.' The solution is, however, widely different. It is a book to be read, as, also by Englishmen, their 'Nell Horn,' a curious study of low life in London, where the elder Rosny spent many dark years of his life. Their 'Le Bilateral' is too difficult for most readers, even French. I see that Marcel Prevost's 'Les Demi-Vierges' has been adapted for the French stage, and that great things are expected of it. It is no good news, for it looks like a degeneration of the French stage when dramatists must go to novels—especially such novels as 'Les Demi-Vierges'—for their subjects. It is true that this book has had a very big sale—something like 150 editions—but that is no guarantee that it can afford material for a good play.

A French edition usually consists of 1,100 copies. In the case of 'Les Demi-Vierges,' each edition consisted of 500 copies. This is an innovation which no doubt some publishers will adopt. "Quatrième Edition" looks very much better than "Deuxième Mille." The older men, however, are not pleased, and say that this is not playing fair.

Jules Huret's "Petite Chronique des Lettres," which appears every week in the Saturday supplement of the *Figaro*, and is extremely interesting, is a sign that the interest in literature is reviving in France as much as apparently it is in England. I say "apparently" because one must not attach too much importance to the prominence given to literary matters in all the London dailies. There is here a question of advertisements. In the *Figaro*, on the other hand, there are no publishers' advertisements, and therefore I consider that the space given in that journal to literary matters is a sign of a revived interest therein. It is a fact that never was there less excitement in France about political matters than at present; and it has been noticed that in times of political dulness literature attracts increased attention, and *vice versa*.

Alphonse Daudet is greatly enjoying his stay in London. He tells me he has already filled a large note-book with impressions, less about London and the English, than about Paris and the French as he sees them "de l'extérieur." He says that since he has been in London he understands points in the French character which he had never been able to understand before. At the same time he has not neglected to note down points about London and the Londoners, to be used in his new novel, 'Soutien de Famille.' In this story a poor boy gets stranded in London and has various adventures *dans le pays anglais*.

Madame Daudet, and Lucien and Edmeé Daudet are equally delighted with London, and especially with the shops and the flowers. It appears that in London we have much fresher and prettier flowers than in Paris, though I cannot say I ever noticed it, and all the Daudets delight in flowers. Their drawing-room in Brown's Hotel is filled with them, Lucien spending an hour or so every morning in arranging the vases and epergnes. Just now a point of attraction is a wonderful bouquet of lilies of the valley which was given to Madame Daudet by Meredith, when the family visited at Boxhill one day last week. Daudet was greatly struck with George Meredith's conversation. Although unable to read English, he has long been familiar with the most striking passages in the English master's works; thanks to Marcel Schwob, who translates as he reads, and has spent many hours in the study in the Rue de Bellechasse in initiating Alphonse Daudet in the beauties of

English literature. It was no wonder, then, that he should have looked forward to his visit to Boxhill with pleasurable anticipation. That he should have been delighted there is less wonder still. The younger Daudets were particularly pleased with George Meredith's beautiful garden.

Leon Daudet, on the other hand, dislikes London. It bores him, he says, and he greatly prefers Amsterdam. Here everything is stiff and formal; the life is colourless as the sky. I told him that London is not in the West-end, which is but a parcel of a monotonous Cosmopolis, and advised him to go to the East, to the Docks, or even only to the City, to see the genius of our people, to hear the pulsing of the mighty heart. One cannot judge Paris from the Boulevards, nor Berlin from Unter den Linden, any more than one can form a conception how mighty an organisation is an Atlantic liner by strolling about on the promenade deck.

Unable to go out to any extent, Daudet has greatly regretted to have been unable to accept Mr. Moberly Bell's invitation to be present at the dinner of the Authors' Society. He told me that he should greatly have liked to meet his English confrères; "but, then, I cannot walk. I can hardly stand." He passes his time in driving about, that is to say when he is not working. And just now he is working very hard indeed. Apart from his notes for 'Soutien de Famille' he is engaged on a story of his boyhood, to be entitled 'Premier Voyage—Premier Mensonge,' in the production of which he has done me the honour of associating me. We spend the mornings together over this work, Daudet talking, sometimes dictating, whilst I note down his words. I have thus had opportuuities of seeing with what infinite conscientiousness he works. Sometimes twenty minutes will be spent over a single phrase, and again suddenly a whole laborious page will be sacrificed because of some exigency of construction. This story will appear in a month or two in English. Daudet will write it again in French in a year or two.

The work proceeds slowly because of constant interruptions. An interviewer myself, I never knew till now what a nuisance we are. One is in the middle of a sentence, when there comes a knock at the door, and it is "Mr. So-and-So," or, more usually, "Miss So-and-So," of such and such a paper, who has come to ask Mr. Daudet's opinion on this, that, or the other. The pen has to be laid aside, the idea just within grasp, flits off like a will-o'-the-whisp, and when the interviewer has at last departed there is a scurrying chase after it. Then there are the letters—shoals of letters—from all conceivable persons, on all inconceivable subjects. Many are anonymous, some, I am sorry to say, are insulting. All this takes up precious time.

Daudet has been advised to try a type-writing machine, because of his difficulty with the pen. But he will not do so. There exists, he says, a mysterious and wonderful "correspondence" between the pen and the brain. The pen, according to his theory, is no mere tool, but a collaborator. Ideas are generated by its contact with the paper. The ink-bottle, on the other hand, he looks upon with suspicion. He fancies it critical, supercilious, antagonistic.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

HENRY KINGSLEY.*

ONE may say what one likes against the Hereditary Principle: it is firmly established in all our great publishing houses. A good many years ago in one of the greatest of these there were three brothers, all now dead, who conjointly edited a famous magazine. Someone had told them that they ought to get the late Mr. Daniel Defoe (or was it a later than he?) to contribute a serial. They had heard of the novelist, but had never read any of his novels; however, they sent for one from the subscription library, and, dinner over, read it aloud by turns. Now, that novel is the wisest and maddest, the saddest and merriest, in English literature, but, whether it was the goodness of the dinner, or the badness of the reading, never more than one of them could keep awake—the reader for the time being, and he with difficulty. Till at last Brother Richard, having roused Brothers Thomas and Henry, pronounced it "preposterous to demand £1,500 for such poor, tedious, unintelligible balderdash. Far better stick to Miss Grundy and Mr. Bowdler; we know where we are then. Heh!" And Brothers Thomas and Henry cordially assented.

The episode is chiefly illustrative of an obsolete independence of judgment: it could never recur in these modern days of literary agents and literary syndicates. But fancy if those three excellent elderly brethren had lighted on certain passages in Henry Kingsley—the verandah scene, say, in chap. xxvii. of 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' or that in 'Ravenshoe' in which Gus cuts Flora's doll's corns, or the one I love best of all in 'Austin Elliot' where Lord Charles Barty, on the morn of his tragic duel, goes up to the nursery:—

"His little brothers and sisters were in the position of being 'got up,' and were strewed about like rosy apples. Two of them, still in their nightgowns, were dramatising a scene in real life, which was at the same moment enacting in another part of the room—that is to say, they had stripped a doll stark naked, and were washing it in a wash-hand basin: a process which (her bust being of wax, and the rest of her being of calico and sawdust) rendered her unavailable in her capacity of doll for evermore. Another was sitting up in his crib, and was driving four-in-hand to the 'Star' at Richmond with a pair of list garters, lent by the youngest nursemaid; and another was being tubbed. This fellow leapt from the hands of nurse to embrace his brother; but seeing the door open and the way clear, some sort of devil entered into him, and caused him to run, stark naked as he was, violently downstairs. He reached the hall with great success, but was captured by a solemn young footman, and led back again in a proud and vain-glorious state of mind. Half-way up the stairs he bit the footman, who hoped that his lordship was not going to be naughty; which speech, being addressed by a very tall man to a naked child of three, struck Lord Charles as wonderfully funny. Meanwhile, above stairs, while all the nurses were out on the landing looking for the fugitive, Lady Florence held a regatta in the hip-bath with her brothers' and sisters' shoes, three of which were unfortunately swamped and sunk."

Anybody can write sense, common sense, badly; but not

* 'Henry Kingsley's Novels.' Uniform edition. Edited by Clement K. Shorter. (Ward, Lock and Bowden.)

one in ten thousand has the gift of writing good nonsense Henry Kingsley had it as possibly no other novelist, as no other humourist, indeed, except Charles Lamb. Therefore we all should be grateful for this goodly re-issue of his novels, edited by Mr. Clement K. Shorter for Messrs. Ward, Lock and Bowden. There are one or two ugly misprints in it, that might have been corrected, as "*Viola* tout," "Non ebur neque *aurem*," and "as staunchly *a* Protestant a house." But Mr. Shorter has done his work well; the introductory memoir is admirable, though all too brief. There must be some living who could have helped to extend it with reminiscences of Henry Kingsley. Professor Masson is one of these, for it was in *Macmillan's* under his editorship that 'Ravenshoe,' 'Austin Elliot,' 'The Hillyars and the Burtons,' and, if I mistake not, also 'Silcote of Silcotes' appeared first. I read them there thirty years since; and the first at least I had no need now to re-read. For to re-read a story that one knows almost by heart is like looking and looking again at the dead face of mother or sweetheart: the reality is less real than the remembrance. So I have not re-read 'Ravenshoe,' and I have merely glanced through 'The Hillyars and the Burtons' and 'Geoffry Hamlyn.' Those three are Henry Kingsley's masterpieces, and in that order I would rank them. Then come 'Austin Elliot,' 'Stretton,' and 'Mademoiselle Mathilde'; and the rest I would place nowhere, unless perhaps 'The Boy in Grey,' which never, however, appealed to me. Yes, the half in this case were better than the whole; it seems a cruelty to Henry Kingsley to reprint his 'Old Margaret' or 'Oakeshott Castle,' or even his 'Silcote of Silcotes.' The last contains a remarkable prophecy (in 1867), assigning Egypt to England, and Alsace to a united Germany; but Miss Raylock is its one good character. The others all talk and behave like the characters in an opera, if indeed as intelligibly; one drives through the book, as its author must have driven, heavily.

Not one of his novels but is full of most obvious faults—elementary solecisms, bad Irish and worse Scottish dialect, frequent improbabilities, and occasional impossibilities. Besides, as our critics would tell us, they all "lack distinction of style." Which somehow always sounds to me as though one heard said of a man:—"He can't be a gentleman, he isn't dressy enough." Yet how noble (he loved that epithet) they are at their best. That a story should move one to tears or laughter, better still to both, is the true test of excellence: Henry Kingsley's stories are hard to read aloud, for wanting to laugh, or else wanting not to cry. I have given a sample of their comedy—one brick from his City of Fancy; what, then, shall be my tragic specimen? I should like to quote chapters forty to forty-three of 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' winding up with the visit in the condemned cell to George Hawker, the bushranger, who had crowned his crimes by the murder of his own son, and who yet was not utterly vile. Only that would take far too much space; so I will content myself with this glimpse at a poor little monkey of a shoeblack:

"The boy told Charles Ravenshoe why he plodded so wearily, day after day, over here in the West End from Southwark. It was for family reasons, into which I must not go too closely. Somebody, it appeared, still came home now and then, just once in a way, to see her mother, and to visit the den where she had been bred; and there was still left one who would wait for her, week after week—still one pair of childish feet, bare and dirty, that would patter back beside her—still one childish voice that would prattle with her, on her way to her hideous home, and call her Sister."

Pathetic, is it not? yet less pathetic than the dedication of 'Ravenshoe,' "to my brother Charles Kingsley, in token of a love which only grows stronger as we both grow older." For in the big biography of Canon Kingsley there is not one mention of his brother Henry.

FRANCIS HINDES GROOME.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS.*

A BIOGRAPHY of John Cairns needs no justification. It is true, a man's best memorial must be from his own hand, and, if he has not impressed himself upon his generation, the statue erected by his admirers or the endowment slowly subscribed by reluctant friends is superfluous, and will not avail to keep his memory green. But the most characteristic feature of Dr. Cairns was that he himself was so much greater than anything he did or wrote. With amazing powers of work, he deliberately spent himself on tasks which concerned only a few, or which at once sank into the common religious life of the country. His literary remains give little idea of the man, and are extraordinarily disproportionate to the promise of his student days, and, unlike other men of his calibre, "there was no one movement of his time, no one line of thought, no institution or organization, which could be ascribed entirely to him." Hence the need of interpreting this man to his generation, and of setting him, in the public interest, on the pedestal which he himself so persistently declined to occupy.

Physically, intellectually, and spiritually John Cairns was of the best type of lowland Scot. To him, as to so many others, Caledonia with her stern discipline proved meet nurse of a large, self-reliant, and powerful nature. Well-born in a shepherd's cottage, well-nurtured on oatmeal and east-wind, trained to reverence and high thoughts by parents who lived the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, quickened and fostered in scholarship by one of those self-forgetting makers of men so abundant in the schools of Scotland during past generations, so hard to find in the present, the Berwickshire lad found his way to the University, and speedily showed his quality by distancing all his competitors. At college, as throughout life, his physical strength stood him in good stead. From Edinburgh to his home, thirty-five miles away, was for him an easy walk of seven and a half hours. Often he appeared at his class in the morning without having lost one hour in sleep, and yet as fresh as men who had been all night in bed. Where other men could find twelve hours, he could find eighteen, or at a pinch twenty-four. To sit at his books till dawn was common in his best days, and even when he was near his end he could study for more than twelve hours a day. Like other men, however, he found it possible to overwork, and again and again he was compelled to seek relaxation and

* 'Life and Letters of John Cairns, D.D., LL.D.' By Alexander R. Macewen, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

renewal of energy on the Continent or in his own country. This energy well-directed gave him in his University career, and especially in the philosophical classes, a place which is accorded to only one or two men in a generation. The training thus begun he never gave up. Easily mastering the foreign languages which hold the key to the best literature, he made himself as familiar with modern German philosophy and theology as with the Greek Fathers, and when past the time of life at which most men fancy they may claim some repose, he acquired Arabic, Assyrian, Danish, and added other luxuries of learning to the necessaries of his calling. But it may be questioned whether the masses of erudition which thus accumulated in a memory of iron tenacity, did not somewhat smother his originality of thought. Certain it is that his first utterances were his most imaginative and that he never fulfilled the expectations of those who knew him best. It is more than hinted by Dr. Macewen that this failure to produce any literary memorial worthy of his genius was due to a deliberate consecration of his powers to pulpit and pastoral work. But, while this is to some extent true, it does not account for the fact that even after his occupation of a chair of theology, he made no contribution to theological or philosophical literature commensurate with the extent of his knowledge and the massiveness of his intellect. We find him, indeed, saying that "the whole process of book-producing had for long been distasteful" to him, but why? And why when he did write was there a touch of disappointment? Mainly because the faith of his childhood so possessed him as to exclude the smallest root of scepticism. No man ever paid more heavily for his qualities by their defects. His absolute innocence robbed his preaching of intensity, and his unquestioning faith lessened his power as an Apologist. Massive as his intellect was, he never perceived the formidable character of present-day difficulties raised by science and philosophy.

It was especially his character which gave Dr. Cairns his place in the affection and esteem of his countrymen. His great intellectual gifts and acquirements were but the pedestal for his blamelessness of life and ideally consistent Christian spirit. At his funeral he was spoken of as "the best loved of all Scottish ministers," and his biographer truly points out that the quite unwonted manifestation of grief at his death was due to "the extraordinary power over the whole community of the undeviating, unblemished simplicity, rectitude and self-denial of those thirty years." It was felt that a large amount of reality and of life had passed from the community. "The strongest had revered him, the truest had trusted him, the purest had loved him." He had much in common with Thomas Chalmers and Patrick Fairbairn; massiveness in body and mind, immense power of work, inborn dignity combined with unconscious humility, and especially the simplicity of a child. "For myself," he says, "I have not a wish on earth that is not gratified; I desire nothing but to labour on thus to the end." This happiness which possessed him throughout life was the accompaniment and flower of his entirely healthy spiritual condition. There is nothing mawkish, nothing sentimental, nothing introspective from end to end, but on the contrary, a manly, objective Christian activity.

Dr. Macewen has accomplished his difficult task with perfect taste, judgment, and literary skill. He has produced a biography which may take rank with the best we have, and has most happily reproduced and made permanent a figure which it is well for the world to contemplate. Printers and publishers have also done their part in producing a most handsome volume, in every respect worthy of its subject.

MARCUS DODS.

A HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.*

WE had not, we confess, looked soon to see the day when such a book as this—which is planned for at least five library octavo volumes, and the author of which hints that he may require more—should make its appearance. For both writers and readers seem to be more and more shy of large dealings with large subjects; and as the mass of matter accumulates, so it would seem do the energy of the writer and the appetite of the reader quail before it. But we *have* seen the day; and most assuredly we are glad. There are writers whose names in connection with such a book would by no means have filled us with wholly pleasant anticipations; for from some of them we should have been prepared for scamping, and from others we should have been more than prepared for dulness. With Mr. Courthope we were perfectly safe from either of these evil beasts; still more so from the horrible and once unlikely combination of both into a sort of mediæval monster which has been sometimes recently met in literature. The task which (as Mr. Courthope reminds his readers in an interesting preface) Pope and Gray both meditated, which Warton (*impar congressos*, but with no wholly ignoble result) actually attacked a hundred years and more ago; which Southey dreamt of as ideally achievable by a combination of himself, Coleridge, and Lamb, and which there was at one time some chance of his executing single-handed, has certainly fallen here into no unworthy hands.

Neither has it been executed unworthily. It is true that we leave Mr. Courthope still in the vestibule of the Elizabethan age, and that his own treatment of the matter which he has selected for handling is more definitely preparatory—we do not either say or mean "perfunctory"—than that of some others might have been. We are inclined to think that the best judges are with Mr. Courthope in his refusal to consider "Anglo-Saxon" or "Old English" literature (not to quarrel about words) as properly "English literature" at all, and in his determination to regard it rather as one, though the most important one perhaps, of the constituents of that literature, ranging with Latin and French, Celtic and Scandinavian. But though we are not able to produce any positive statements to this effect, the impression derived from the reading of this volume by us is that Mr. Courthope considers practically the whole of the period with which he here deals as a time, if not exactly of ignorance, yet of schooling. He protests indeed, and rightly, against that exaggeration of the Renaissance which would see in it a sort of rushing mighty wind entirely changing the whole spirit and power of poetry. But, unless we have misread him, he regards the Renaissance itself (as it is ordinarily counted) as merely the last of a series of schoolings and preparations during which our language and

* 'A History of English Poetry.' By W. J. Courthope. Vol. i. (London: Macmillan and Co.)

literature were distinctly *in statu pupillari*, while he goes so far as to disclaim all direct connection between Chaucer and Anglo-Saxon poetry. Here, of course, there are some, not of the extreme Early English party, not of those who regard all later style as a sad and sorrowful declension from the tenth century, who would not fully agree with him.

But on his own scheme he has dealt admirably, and in a fashion which is entirely original, with the problem as he conceives it. We have never seen the influence of what we may ourselves call the general education of Europe so well put in regard to English literature as here; and the present writer in particular rejoices at the importance which Mr. Courthope here gives in more than one place to the late Greek novels. In parts it may seem that Mr. Courthope is a little too much set on direct filiations. We can, for instance, see very little likelihood in his assignment of an Arabian origin to the monorhymed tirade of the 'Chansons de Geste'; and we should like to know a little more than we do about the Courts of Love before putting down William of Lorris as merely or mainly an embodier of their fashionable fancies. But differences of opinion on such points as these, where the evidence is exceedingly scanty and the missing links have to be supplied by each enquirer's tastes or estimates of probability, are as unavoidable as they are unimportant. The really great thing is that Mr. Courthope has never let go of certain clues which we at least believe, and have long believed, to be the only safe guides through the labyrinth. These clues may be roughly described as the doctrine that in such a region as the Europe of the "Dark" and mediæval times the one institution common to the whole—the Church and its remnant of classical culture—must be constantly regarded; the further doctrine that while allowing amply for individual genius you must always look to what came before and after, to the atmosphere and the education; and yet again that, while not neglecting "race," you must not allow yourself to play the easy juggle, begun by French writers chiefly, and now often borrowed from them by English, of saddling the race with the characteristics which you please to see in the individual and then accounting for the individual by what you have been pleased to see in the race. Let it be observed that we by no means charge Mr. Courthope with responsibility for any of these propositions. But we think he has observed them.

We should have to duplicate or triplicate this article to do anything like justice to the separate parts of the book. Of course, Chaucer has by far the largest space allotted to him of any individual writer; and no one but absolutely rabid Chaucerians will quarrel either with the information or the criticism of Mr. Courthope's dealings. But the now strong faction who claim for Langland the title not merely of a true poet (nobody denies that) but of a great one, will not find Mr. Courthope wanting in enthusiasm or in attention to detail. Indeed, if any clamour is raised by partisans, it is likely to be by those of a third poet, Dunbar. The author of 'The Golden Targe,' perhaps, was relatively overpraised by his first rediscoverers; but it is certainly a little startling to find 'The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins' dismissed as "a mere literary adaptation of the 'Dance of Death'" (is 'The Ancient Mariner' a mere literary adaptation of Shelvocke?), 'The Twa Maryit Women and the Wedo' not so much as mentioned, and the excellent Gavin Douglas declared to be "certainly on the whole a more important figure for the historian of poetry." But here again (and we mention this single instance as a type of scores of others) we get into the shallows and the miseries of "you like this and I like that."

Let us avoid these miseries; and, agreeing to differ on this and other points, congratulate Mr. Courthope on this successful launching of a work which, if finished to pattern (and the most difficult and ungrateful part of the task may be said to have been accomplished) will be such a book as has not enriched English *belles lettres* for years, almost for generations. Some modern tastes may find it insufficiently picturesque in style; but others will hail it with joy on this very account, and none, speaking with the slightest authority, can call it inelegant or unscholarly in that or any other respect. For the author observes, not merely in the structure of his sentences but in that very much more difficult and important point, the structure of his book, the full Arnoldian requirements of scheme and scale. He has chosen an excellent action; and we are already entitled to say that he has bestowed upon it an excellent conduct.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

THE FIRST PUBLISHED WRITINGS OF MR. RUSKIN.

I HAVE before me a volume containing ten numbers, all that were published, of the *Spiritual Times*. It was commenced in May, 1829, and was published by Mr. D. Freeman, of 52, Paternoster Row, and 8, Keene's Row, Walworth. The editor was the Rev. Dr. Andrews, minister of Beresford Chapel, Walworth, one of the most distinguished dissenting ministers of his time. In the first number Dr. Andrews suggests that the composition of his magazine is to be "sprightly and elegant," that it is to "break out of the trammels in which other religious periodicals seem proud to confine themselves, and show that even piety may be connected with high talent, and that vulgarity of style is not inseparable with what are foolishly called high doctrines, and dulness from what more sober persons call Evangelical." The magazine is, however, for the most part, explicitly and fervently religious. Dr. Andrews contributes some articles on his personal experiences as a minister, including a curious account of his visits to Edward H. H. Martelly, "under sentence of death at Newgate." The distinction of the periodical is that it contains the first published writings of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin, it will be remembered, was at one time a pupil of Dr. Andrews, and was occasionally present in his chapel, where he remembers seeing Dr. Andrews' daughter, afterwards Mrs. Coventry Patmore. Through the kindness of Dr. Andrews' granddaughter, Miss Eliza Orme, I have been able to identify Mr. Ruskin's contributions. To the first of them Dr. Andrews contributed the last two lines, the youthful poet being unable to find an appropriate conclusion. They are as follows:—

LINES WRITTEN AT THE LAKES IN CUMBERLAND.

DERWENTWATER.

Sweet Derwent! on thy winding shore,
Beside thy mountain forests hoar,
There would I love to wander still;
And drink from out the rippling rill,

Which from thy rocky head doth fall,
And mingles with the eagle's call;
While from Helvellyn thunders break,
Re-echoed from Old Derwent's lake.
And where the lightning's flaming dart,
Plays o'er the Poet's eye, and warms his heart:
Though such thy glories, Earth, thy proudest whole
Can never satiate the grasping soul!

The second poem, "On Skiddaw and Derwentwater," is much better, and has pretty clearly been worked over by the editor:

Skiddaw! upon thy cliffs the sun shines bright;
Yet only for a moment; then gives place
Unto a playful cloud, which on thy brow
Sports wantonly, soon melting into air;
But shadowing first thy side of broken green,
And making more intense the sun's return.
Then, in the morning, on thy head, those clouds
Rest, as upon a couch, and give fair scope
To fancy's play: and airy fortresses,
Towers, banners, spears, and battlements appear,
Chasing each other off; and in their turn
Are vanquished too, dissolving like the mould
That's trampled by the foot of urchin boy;
And, rolling down, though once so firmly bound
By roots tenacious, while the upward spoiler
Climbs on to invade the hidden eagle's nest.
Skiddaw! majestic, giant-nature's work,
Though less than Andes, or the Alpine heights,
Yet pyramids to thee are nothing, they at best
Are but gigantic tombs,—the work of art.
Proud nature makes no tombs, save where the snow
The fleecy locks of winter fall around,
A Mausoleum for the careless swain;
Or where the ocean swallows navies down,
Or yawning earthquake covers cities vast,
Shroudless, engulfed, without a knell or tear;
Or where another Herculaneum falls;
Or the great day of fire the general grave.
These are the tombs she makes, and buries all
Beneath them, but the soul; that, . . . scorns the dust.
Now Derwent-water comes, a looking glass
Wherein reflected are the mountain's heights;
For thou'rt a mirror framed in rocks and woods.
Upon thee, seeming mounts arise, and trees,
And seeming rivulets, that charm the eye;
All on thee painted by a master hand,
Which not a critic can well criticise.
But to disturb thee oft bluff Eolus
Descends upon thy heath-top with his breath;
Thy polished surface is a boy at play,
Who labours at the snow to make a man,
And when he's made, he strikes it into ruin.
So when thou'st made a picture, thou dost play
At tearing it to pieces. Trees do first
Tremble as if a monstrous heart of oak
Were but an aspen leaf, and then, as if
It were a cobweb in the tempest.
Thus like Penelope thou weav'st a web,
And then thou dost undo it; thou'rt like her
Because thou'rt fair and full of labour too.

The magazine did not live long, and the following announcement appears in the last number: "With the present number the *Spiritual Times* will end. Its discontinuance, though much regretted by many of its readers, must be attributed to the want of encouragement; which circumstance has induced the principal editor to withdraw his services."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

GALT REDIVIVUS.*

THE revival of interest in the works and life of John Galt, testified to in so remarkable a manner by the issue of these two very handsome editions of 'The Annals of the Parish' and 'The Ayrshire Legatees' is no doubt due to the success of the present Scottish school of fiction, and of its *dii majores*, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Crockett, and Ian Maclaren. Canon Ainger, who certainly does ample justice to Galt, and especially to the Goldsmithian side of him, but who yet somehow suggests the idea of a cultured and polite Englishman doing his ineffectual best to be comfortable in a hard-bottomed Scottish arm-chair, in which he has planted himself in obedience to the rude cordiality of "Sit ye doon!" makes a special point of this. Referring to 'A Window in Thrums,' which he rightly regards as Mr. Barrie's masterpiece, he says it "owes its success to the dominance of character over plot—character drawn with consummate humour and pathos." And he proceeds to express the hope that "Galt's earlier study of life in a Scottish parish, in its different way no less a masterpiece, may once more receive a welcome proportionate to its unquestionable truth and charm." The hope deserves and is likely to be realised, but let there be no misunderstanding of the true significance of its realisation. Beyond all question 'The Annals of the Parish' is "in its different way no less a masterpiece" than 'A Window in Thrums.' But the difference is really an absolute contrast, for it is the contrast between Scotland of the old Moderate days, and Scotland as it has been spiritualised and morally revolutionised by the Evangelical party, which secured its purely ecclesiastical triumph in the formation of the Free Church in 1843. It is the humour and the pathos of 'A Window in Thrums,' 'The Stickit Minister,' and 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' that have given them their popularity. But imagine that humour and that pathos no longer in alliance with the intense though mystical religious faith which transformed Chalmers, as it transformed Hendry McQumpha, the young minister who was neglected of men but not of beasts, and Dr. William McLure, and these books cease to have any permanent historical or psychological value. Galt could not have laid bare the agonies of the son from London; he could not even have told the story of the glove. On the other hand, Mr. Barrie is incapable of giving us Mr. Cayenne—who is in reality a more finished production than even Peregrine Touchwood in 'St. Ronan's Well'—of the whole episode of whose life and death Canon Ainger (being now on safe and familiar ground) says without a tincture of exaggeration, "Had Galt always been up to this level, he would have ranked with the greatest names in English fiction."

The revival of Galt, therefore, means an attempt to give him his proper place as an eminent if not a great British classic—a place beside Goldsmith and Defoe. Both Mr. Ainger and Mr. Crockett, therefore, have done well to emphasise his limitations. When Galt went out of his own

* 'Annals of the Parish and the Ayrshire Legatees.' By John Galt. Edited by D. Storrar Meldrum. With introduction by S. R. Crockett. Two vols. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1895.)

'Annals of the Parish and the Ayrshire Legatees.' By John Galt. With introduction by Alfred Ainger. (Macmillan and Co. 1895.)

experiences to manufacture character, he made great mistakes. He became artificial and worse. As Mr. Ainger points out, Lord Sandyfort, the nobleman who figures in 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' employs modes of expression which "never had any parallel save in the melodrama of Fitzball or Alfred Bunn." Nor is Mr. Crockett the only admirer of Galt who finds it impossible to finish 'The Spaewife' or 'Ringan Gilhaizie.' The circumstances, the strain and stress, of Galt's "hither-and-thither" but on the whole gallant and not ignoble life, impelled him to produce a great deal of work which, like that of Scott's latest years of desperate hurry, was unworthy of him. Had he written a tenth of what he has done, it would have been on the shelves of the classics ere now. The popular view of that tenth is that it consists of 'The Annals of the Parish,' 'The Provost,' and 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' and that this order is also the order of their merit. Mr. Crockett and Mr. Ainger agree essentially with this view. Yet I confess to cherishing a greater fondness for 'The Provost' than for any other of its author's works. It does not contain such a variety of character as 'The Annals'; but it is more coherent, and I think also more consistent. It boasts one descriptive passage—the account of "The Windy Gale," which is really the high-water mark of Galt's prose style; and the final narrative of the manœuvres by which Mr. Pawkie secures to himself the presentation of "a very handsome silver cup, bearing an inscription in the Latin tongue," is, as a practical exposition of the creed of what Mr. Crockett happily terms "couthy self-interest," absolutely unparalleled. And then in 'The Provost,' Galt is absolutely true to his native Irvine, although I suspect Mr. Crockett does not make sufficient allowance for the influence on an impressionable mind of the novelist's second home, which made Carlyle, the most remorseless of all literary photographers, note "the air of a sedate Greenock burgher." I should say that 'The Annals' and 'The Provost' stand first among Galt's works—and equal—and that 'The Ayrshire Legatees' makes an admirable third. In many respects, indeed, 'The Legatees' is the most enjoyable of the three. Cast in the form of letters, it can with perfect ease be read in instalments; it is full of kindliness, which is based perhaps on worldliness, but is none the less genuine or comforting on that account; and Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Mickleham, if not also the self-sufficient Edinburgh advocate, Andrew Pringle, are almost as deserving of being taken to heart as the three Mrs. Balwhidders, Mrs. Malcolm, and Kate.

These two editions of 'The Annals' and 'The Legatees' are deserving of very hearty praise. Mr. Ainger and Mr. Crockett are very judicious and cordial but not over enthusiastic critics. Mr. John Wallace, who illustrates Messrs. Blackwood's handy and handsome two-volume edition, has only given a taste of his quality, but that is very appetising. The humour of Mr. Brock, who illustrates Messrs. Macmillan's edition, is, on the other hand, to be found at every tenth page. It is exquisite in the scene of mild conviviality at which the minister of Dalmarling secured the third Mrs. Balwhidder; the vinous but shrewd twinkle of the host's eye is perfect. Mr. Meldrum edits Messrs. Blackwood's edition with his usual painstaking care, and contributes a well-written account of Galt's too strenuous but not passionate life. But why did Mr. Meldrum omit that most delightful incident—Galt's return to Irvine to get the freedom of the burgh offered to him by his own Provost Pawkie, in a speech full of "good sense, of tact, and taste," and devoid of "the sort of balderdash common on such occasions"? At last, we have editions of Galt worthy of one of the greatest of all masters of the Scottish character and of the Scottish language, whose humour was as real as Scott's, who had no fellowship with vulgarity, and artistically eschewed what Mr. Henley styles "the thick Scots wit that fells you like a mace," and which perhaps exists only in the Southron imagination.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE TRAGEDY OF FOTHERINGAY.*

The talented authoress of the latest addition to the ever-increasing literature concerning the unfortunate Queen of Scots has skilfully performed her labour of love. Chiefly from the materials furnished by Chantelauze, she has drawn a vivid picture of the tragedy of Fotheringay; and "at the foot of Queen Mary's tomb" she lays "this small tribute to her memory." Mrs. Scott begins her narrative with the ride to Tixall in August, 1586, when Nau and Curle were separated from their mistress and all her papers seized. From that period to her trial, and from her trial to her execution, on the 8th of the following February, the pitiful story is told in ample detail; although difficulties, such as the identification of the stages of her journey from Burton to Fotheringay, are quietly ignored. In the graphic account of the two days' trial at Fotheringay, the charges against Mary are given plainly enough, and also her defence; but Mrs. Scott, with commendable prudence, does not discuss the question of her complicity in the Babington conspiracy.

It is instructive to note how Bourgoing puts Mary's denial:—"As they read aloud at intervals letters from Babington to Her Majesty, and from her to Babington, she utterly denied *tout à plat* having ever seen and received any such letters, much less of having replied to them." Mrs. Scott also quotes the more general denial:—"I know nothing of any murder or attempt against any one, nor of any plot or invasion of the kingdom." The spirit of forgiveness which she manifested is also noteworthy. Before leaving the hall on the second day of the trial she said: "I protest that after all that has taken place I desire no evil to any one in this assembly, that I pardon all that you have said or done against me, and that there is not one here to whom I do not desire good, and would willingly give pleasure." This was somewhat qualified, or at least explained, by her statement on the day before her execution:—"I forgive every one, and accuse no one; but I may follow David's example and pray God to confound and punish His enemies and those of His divinity and religion, and pardon our enemies." In the circumstances it was difficult for her, perhaps, to distinguish between God's enemies and her own; but that very night she instructed her apothecary—an illustrative fact of which Mrs. Scott is happily unconscious—to beseech Philip of Spain to persevere in his enterprise against England—an enterprise which was God's quarrel and worthy of so Catholic a king—and, when he became master of it, to remember the treatment she had received from Cecil, Leicester, Walsingham, Huntingdon, Paulet, and Wade.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Scott's loving care, her work is disfigured by clerical slips and misprints both in the text and in the appendix. Perhaps the least excusable of these occurs in the following sentence in Mary's last letter to the King of France:—"To-day after dinner it was announced

* 'The Tragedy of Fotheringay, founded on the Journal of D. Bourgoing, Physician to Mary Queen of Scots, and on unpublished MS. documents.' By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbotsford. (London: Adam and Charles Black. 1895.)

to me that to-morrow, without fail, I must die like a criminal, at *seven* o'clock of the morning." In a note Mrs. Scott adds:—"The copies of this letter here differ, some reading seven, some eight o'clock." As she has seen the original, and speaks of its firm, clear characters, it might be supposed that she was correcting a slip in Labanoff's 'Recueil,' from which she translates the letter, and in which eight is given as the hour; but the *fac-simile* in Mr. Skelton's 'Mary Stuart' dissipates this charitable supposition.

The illustrations form the most striking feature of the book; but unfortunately they do not always bear out the statements of the text. In telling how the commissioners were summoned, and the peers invited, to be present at the trial, she says:—"To the great displeasure of Elizabeth and Burleigh, Lord Shrewsbury evaded this summons on the plea of illness." Nevertheless, Shrewsbury appears in the facsimile of Beale's list of those present, as he also does in the other list printed in the appendix. Again, it is stated that, at the trial, Mary questioned Paulet, who was seated behind her, whereas Beale's list places him at a considerable distance. The reproduction of the Blair's portrait, and the enlargement of the execution scene from its background are admirably done. But there the executioner is represented as without a mask, and the block as about three feet high; while Mrs. Scott says that his face was hidden by his black mask, and that the block was only a few inches high. In describing the hall as prepared for the execution, Mrs. Scott mentions "the large Gothic fireplace"; but in the contemporary drawing, which she reproduces from the Calthorpe MS., the fireplace is certainly not Gothic.

Mrs. Scott's implicit and misplaced trust in Chantelauze may be sufficiently illustrated by one example. She writes:—"Kent told the Queen 'that it had been decided that she could not live without endangering the State, the life of the Queen [*i.e.*, Elizabeth], and the religion. *Your life*,' said he, '*would be the death of our religion, your death will be its life.*'" Here Mrs. Scott is professedly quoting 'La Mort de la Royne, p. 621; [Bourgoing's Journal in] Chantelauze, p. 575'; but the passage is really taken from Chantelauze's long and elaborate introduction to Bourgoing (p. 389). The saying I have italicised is neither in 'La Mort de la Royne' nor in Bourgoing's 'Journal,' although the statement which precedes it is in both. The italicised saying is to be found in Camden, however, and should perhaps be regarded as his epigrammatic way of putting the more commonplace statement. Chantelauze (p. 393) also makes Mary repeat to Bourgoing, with special emphasis, Kent's statement in Camden's form; and again Mrs. Scott transfers it to her pages; yet, strange to say, Bourgoing has failed to take advantage of this renewed opportunity to record it.

Of the accounts of the execution given in the appendix, that from the Tanner MS. is undoubtedly the best; and, save in the spelling, which has been modernised, it is almost identically the same as that printed by Ellis from the Lansdowne MS. That given from the Ashmole MS. (830, F. 13) is apparently from the same source, the difference being at least partly due to some bungling transcriber. It is interesting to compare the variations in the details of these accounts, and in the extended version in Bonney's 'Fotheringhay.' When another edition of this 'Tragedy' is called for, Mrs. Scott should enrich it with an index.

D. HAY FLEMING.

THE *EDITION DE LUXE* OF 'AULD LICHT IDYLLS.'*

To this beautiful book, uniform with the *edition de luxe* of 'A Window in Thrums,' Mr. Hole has contributed a delightful series of etchings. The technique of all of them is excellent; their interpretation of Mr. Barrie is shrewd and individual. If any qualifying criticism were allowable on such excellent work, it would be on the ground that he has perhaps emphasised a trifle over much the grotesque element in a few of the characters of Thrums. Mr. Hole can produce the effects of light in his etchings in a marvellous way, and "Saturday Night in the Square," with its flare of oil lamps on the vans and the faces of the people is a masterpiece. We are glad to be able to give two process reproductions of the portraits of Snecky Hobart and of

From the *Edition de Luxe* of 'Auld Licht Idylls.'

"The Literary Spunk-seller"—him who often went without a dinner to buy a book, who "brought Bacon and Adam

From the *Edition de Luxe* of 'Auld Licht Idylls.'

Smith into Thrums, and loved to recite long screeds from Spenser, with a running commentary on the versification and the luxuriance of the diction."

* 'Auld Licht Idylls.' By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by W. Hole, R.S.A. £1·11s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

EDWARD FREEMAN.*

The biographer has, as far as possible, modestly effaced himself here. Except in the portion dealing with the childhood and youth of his subject, he has been content to give meagre introductions to the letters, only occasionally stepping in to explain Freeman's point of view, or give the definite facts about his way of life at a particular moment. As an editor his work is admirable. The letters are not too much cut up for personal interest; and though Freeman was just the kind of man to be indiscreet in correspondence, as in everything else, nothing has been left that could wound or rile any reasonable person. "I never wrote anybody's life—I have sometimes thought of doing my own—I should have a kind of notion that, if one made it worth reading, everybody would find fault." So wrote Freeman himself twelve years ago. He did not write his life. Now come these two volumes which are well worth reading; and yet his fear is not belied. The real, living, complete portrait of the man, and a perfectly sincere criticism of him and his work, are not here; nor, indeed, are they possible so soon after he has passed from life. But Dean Stephens has taken his work a little too easily, or too timidly. Freeman's rank as a historian is only dealt with in the vaguest language. The long, bitter controversies with Froude are barely mentioned. There is an excellent bibliography attached, but hardly an attempt has been made to justly appreciate and to discriminate between the worth of his various books and essays. We are promised a supplementary correspondence later; the letters between Freeman and John Richard Green, and the criticism of each other's work contained in these, should give the opportunity which the biographer has missed here.

If Dean Stephens is right in saying that an estimate of Freeman's value as a historian was none of his business, at least, it concerned him to be a little more explicit on one matter so very personal to the man Freeman as his religious opinions. As a youth he was a fervent Churchman. To judge from his letters, the Anglican Church, its ritual, traditions, doctrines, and history, were more to him than anything in the world; he revelled in theological and ecclesiastical problems, and his love-letters are full of such congenial subjects as advowsons, Church discipline, and the legitimacy of praying for the dead. It was no mere passing phase; it had taken a fast grip; but it disappeared. He was a Churchman to the end; but we gather, from expressions and omissions in his letters, that a great gulf lay between his earlier and later views. Where, when, or how the change took place, and to what extent, his biographer gives us no hint—though he does mention the matter. He seems nervous about touching on any controversial question. In the famous field-sports controversy connected with Freeman's name, his biographer, we take it (after reading his summary of the case three times), is with him; but it is in the gentlest, the most apologetic manner that he treats the influential opponents. Perhaps Dean Stephens is quite right. But then, should any gentleman in a respectable position be a biographer of so very controversial a fellow?

The letters, however, are amply revealing, and from these, combined with the interesting chapters on his early days, we doubtless gather a fairly shrewd notion of the kind of man he was. His correspondence "reads almost like the productions of a very clever child," says his biographer with acuteness. Indeed, all his life he retained the characteristics of a precocious child. His precocity was extraordinary: at two and a half he knew the coats of arms of all the English sees. Hannah More, knowing his predilections, wrote to him, certainly before he was nine: "History opens a vast field to a youthful reader. But always inquire the character of the author." He was evidently never a boy at the usual age, but life had its revenge on him, and he grew into one in mature years. All that was aggravating, all that was attractive in his nature, his frank, blustering temper, his warm-heartedness, his wrong-headedness, his quick enthusiasms, his love for slang—of his own invention, and drawn from historical sources—his pugnacity, his earnest beliefs, were the faults and the virtues of a boy. When accused of showing personal animosity in his attacks upon Froude, he once said: "In truth there is no kind of temper in the case, but only a strong sense of amusement in bowling down one thing after another." Exactly: he was always bowling down something, and shaking his sides the while with rude Teutonic, pre-Conquest good-nature, which some hypersensitive folks mistook for temper. Perhaps his biographer is correct in summing up his opinions on brilliant historical writing by saying, "It was better to be inaccurate and dull, than to be inaccurate and attractive"—a lamentable error. But this is irrelevant in reviewing a book which keeps as clear of the old controversy as possible.

It is curious to speculate what would have been the result had Freeman's researches concerned themselves with times modern enough for us to feel intense personal interest in the issues of the struggles and the characters of the combatants. Was there ever a hotter partisan, a more generous friend, an unfairer foe? He was a grand hater, not of individuals, but—graver in a historian—of whole nations. The Celtic peoples were to him "unsavoury nations." France—the emancipator, the experimenter, the champion of ideas—was, he declared, "the undying curse of Europe." He detested having to call Normandy and Brittany France. Jews were anathema to him. The German nations were the salt of the earth. And yet with what zeal and generosity did he leave his scholar's desk to plunge into hot controversy when nationalities were being oppressed, to speak for them, beg for them, stir up others to their help! To Greece, Bulgaria, Ireland, he was a proven friend. Outside his special studies his tastes were narrow and uncultivated, but there was a certain not unattractive incalculability about his interests, his likes and dislikes. Early in life he called Carlyle "an affected ass," and he seems never to have changed his opinions on the point. But on their faulty sides they were strangely alike, as in their Teutonic predilections. They both drove a hobby, or a phrase, or an idea to death, and loved jargon. This is Freeman's jargon, but it sounds as if it were modelled on Carlyle's: "As for the people not liking it, it would surely be easier to bedutch them back again than it was to bewelsh them before. I should like to cut up the whole Gal-welshry into bits, as its unity is clearly a standing menace to Dutchland and the world generally." His letters to his own family, to Green, to Dean Hook, to Miss Edith Thompson, show equally the rough and the smooth of his nature, his prejudices, tempers, enjoyments, enthusiasms. It was a thorny, uncomfortable growth that character of his, but with sweetness and abundant sap in it, and his flavour is inspiriting. Besides his big historical works he wrote an enormous number of letters and articles, was always writing, in fact, and doing just what produces fatigue and depression in most other students. Yet in 1879 we find this in a letter to Mr. Bryce, "I want you to tell me about many things, specially of one about which I have a great curiosity. What does all this mean about whether life is worth living, and the melancholy of educated Englishmen, and being jaded and in a hurry and what not?" Freeman of course never knew the stress of poverty, and he was neither poetical, nor speculative, nor very sensitive. But nevertheless, his inability to understand the malady of the age almost qualifies him to be one of its select physicians.

A. M.

* 'The Life and Letters of Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.' By W. R. W. Stephens. 2 vols. 17s. (Macmillan.)

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN.*

This collection of professorial lectures, the latest work from Mr. Froude's pen, show that he maintained to the very end that rapid, clear, and picturesque style which charmed in 'Short Studies' and the 'History of Henry VIII.' It is not the style of a great master of the craft; it does not bear comparison, for instance, with that of his pattern, Cardinal Newman; it recalls in many respects the daily journal. But making every allowance, it yet remains an adequate medium for his conclusions, sometimes rash and unsound, but always interesting, always those of a thinker. The present volume contains slight and striking sketches of the Elizabethan Sea-captains and their work. The author has studied those times so long and so thoroughly, that out of the mass of his knowledge he can select exactly what bears on his subject.

* 'English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.' Lectures delivered at Oxford Easter Terms, 1893-4, by James Anthony Froude, late Regius Professor of Modern History in the University. (Longmans.)

There is nothing superfluous in this book; every incident, every fact is made to bear on what is the keynote of the whole—the Puritan adventurers of the seaport towns, who built, manned, and fought the English navy. The Reformation had kindled the sense of resistance to foreign interference. The action of the Holy Office sustained that feeling, and changed the rivalry between Spain and England into a struggle to the death. But for the Inquisition in the Spanish seaports, English and Spaniard might have continued to trade together in peace—as did John Hawkyns and the St. Domingo Colonists in 1562. But the meddlesome supervision of the Holy Office, and their apprehensive care lest heresy should enter through Spanish ports, while it entirely destroyed this trade, enlisted against Spain not only the English but the Huguenots also, and all and sundry the Dutch and Frisian pirates of the narrow seas. The constant anxiety, the expenditure of vast sums, the perpetual drain in these sea-fights of the flower of Spain, finally the defeat of the Armada—no country, however rich and puissant can stand such losses for long. Professor Laughton in his recent work on the Armada has thrown grave doubt on the numerous melodramatic tales of the horrors to which English seamen were subjected in the Inquisition. No doubt there was enormous exaggeration; no doubt many cases of so-called Inquisitorial punishments were ordinary cases of brawls and offences against the peace—Jack ashore is not the most orderly of characters. But the point to remember is, that these stories of fiendish cruelty were implicitly believed in England, and created that state of indignation and fury which produced the raids of Drake and Hawkyns. In heated times, men do not ask for the niceties of historical evidence. Suspicion is ample. The hatred of the Holy Office and of the Spanish system of monopolies created the English sea-rovers, and incidentally the English Navy. This is Mr. Froude's conclusion, and there seems to be no reason to dissent therefrom.

His conclusions as to the foreign policy of Elizabeth are much too positive. He sees the difficulties in Elizabeth's way, and does not think that she could have done better than she actually did; hers, says Mr. Froude, was a selfish policy, but what better one could you have devised? To those interested in that tangled web, the politics of Europe from 1560 to 1598, might be recommended an article of Madame Darmesteter's in the *English Historical Review* for June, 1887. It deals more with France than with England, more even with the personal characters of Elizabeth and Catherine de Medici than with the condition of either country. But it sets before us very clearly that Elizabeth had in her grasp, more than once, a great chance, which she deliberately threw away. In 1572, and again in 1579-80, she could, had she liked, have made a great latitudinarian league, consisting of England, France, the Calvinists of the Low Countries, and the Lutheran States of the Empire; its policy would have been tolerant and anti-Spanish. How much such a league would have accomplished is impossible to say, but, at any rate, in all human probability it would have saved Europe from religious wars innumerable. It was one of those great opportunities that come to humanity every now and then, sometimes to be welcomed, sometimes to be rejected. Prof. Froude fails to see that Elizabeth's shifty, unscrupulous policy robbed her of every ally; she tricked and abandoned the revolted Hollanders, she failed to appreciate the bitter feeling in France, even among professing Catholics, against Spanish influence and Spanish intrigue. The sudden withdrawal in the August of 1572, the failure to support Alençon in 1580, evince a short-sightedness almost incredible. But Elizabeth's policy was to postpone, to balance—like one of Thackeray's people, "She would rather die than commit herself." This policy put off the ultimate breach with Spain, and therefore gave England time to array herself. It is also true that this policy stripped England of all allies against the time when that struggle should come about. She was left to her fate unaided, though the enemies of Spain and the Pope were many and determined. And for this result the tortuous diplomacy of Elizabeth was to blame. But the Elizabethan age is steeped in romance, and the romance overshadows the tortuous intrigues. Nor is this element wanting from Mr. Froude's book. Few things in history are more extraordinary than the adventures and misfortunes of John Hawkyns and of his subsequent dealings with the King of Spain. Everyone knows that John Hawkyns was nearly destroyed through treachery at San Juan d' Ulloa, how he lost on that day nearly all his squadron and the profits of his voyage. But very few indeed know the wonderful tale of how, by craft, he rescued his captive shipmates from Spanish prisons. The treachery of the Spaniards gave Hawkyns at least an excuse—Professor Froude would say a justification—for trying the method of "diamond cut diamond." The troubled politics of the time gave Hawkyns the opportunity. Ridolfi in 1572 is engaged in his disastrous conspiracy. Several of the English nobility were holding secret interviews with the Spanish Envoy; no one, least of all a foreigner, could guess how widespread such disaffection might be, and Don Gueran does not seem to have been astonished when Hawkyns came to him one day and calmly informed him that he was dissatisfied with the Queen's service. If the King of Spain would be pleased to release the Englishmen taken at San Juan d'Ulloa, he on his side would undertake to bring over the privateering fleet of the West—"not perhaps in the best condition," he added, with cool British impudence, "owing to the Queen's parsimony, but easily to be put in order again if the king would . . . advance some money for repairs." A certain Fitzwillliam was sent to Spain, wormed himself into the confidence of the Duke of Feria, was entrusted with important despatches for Mary, Queen of Scots; which despatches were duly submitted to Cecil before they reached their destination. The "practice" went on: Fitzwilliam returned to Spain with incriminating documents from Mary, which were examined *en route*, obtained the release of the English seamen, and was once more in England with official letters from Philip, and a complete knowledge of the plot then maturing. Everything had been adroitly managed; the prisoners had got safely home. The Queen's ministers crushed the plot without mercy. When it is added that the same year (1572) saw the taking of Brill by the Sea-Beggars, it will be understood how disastrous that year had been both to Philip and to Mary Stuart.

There are grave differences of opinion as to the accuracy of a great deal of the book. There is a marked bias in nearly everything he wrote. But at least, the "Elizabethan Seamen" is free from the note of aggressive Protestantism; it is as if the mellowness and mildness of evening had fallen on that trenchant and outspoken mind, and it deepens the regret that the great historian has been taken from us. Patient learning and unbiased judgment are valuable qualities; and with the living example of the Bishop of Oxford before us, we would be the very last to belittle them; but into the writing of History there enter other elements, and it is no light thing to lose what only the other day his successor so finely described as the "careless courage" of Anthony Froude.

P. J. M.

THE TROUBADOURS AND COURTS OF LOVE.*

This is a light, popular sketch of an interesting subject. Its more important sections are of course a compilation from modern French authorities, which the author seems to have consulted with much diligence. The flimsier pages will no doubt please the general reader best; he still relishes and believes in the tawdry fictions of Romanticism, and Mr. Rowbotham revives them once more in the good old prolix, rhetorical manner, relieved by an occasional joke or broad allusion. In fact we feel ourselves often carried back to the days of our youth and of Ainsworth's prime. The style is cheerful and flowing, the proper names numerous, and the lazy reader will close the book with an impression that without getting once bored he has learnt an immense deal—more than he really has. Which means that Mr. Rowbotham knows his business.

The first two chapters are the best. Though not always strictly correct they give a bright and cleverly arranged sketch of the origins of mediæval poetry. In these and many later pages a good deal of dry history is made to live. We entirely endorse Mr. Rowbotham's usage of the words

* 'The Troubadours and Courts of Love.' By J. F. Rowbotham. Social England Series. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

Troubadour and Trouvère. No doubt they were at first synonyms—a mere difference of pronunciation in North and South France. But soon the lyrical movement branched into two schools more or less geographically distinct. That of the South cultivated more and more elegancies and intricacies of form, and elaborated more and more the musical accompaniment. Its legitimate and inevitable consummation is the 'songs without words,' the fantasia and the sonata of modern music. The other school, that of the North and of England, reducing the music to a prelude and finally discarding it altogether, adopting simple, stately metres suited to declamation rather than to melody, relied more upon the matter than the form of its lengthy poems. This Epic movement reaches its full development in Milton. To these two classes of early minstrels, whether flourishing in the South or North, should the names of Troubadour and Trouvère be applied. When, however, Mr. Rowbotham, as most authors will, begins to magnify the importance of his heroes, we part company with him. Everywhere he seems to accept gleefully the loose statements of later, romantic writers. His picture of the noble Troubadour, as a distinct professional personage, is quite fanciful. There were no such persons at all. William of Poitou was simply a great warrior and statesman of literary and musical tastes. We are told that he and Richard of England were Troubadours. That only means that they could, and often did, compose and sing a song to their own accompaniment. No doubt there was a certain fellowship and intercourse between amateurs of the art—have we not now our Musical Societies?—but the noble Troubadours never formed a distinct professional class, and the 'Social Life of the Troubadours' as depicted in chapter vii. is a fantastic invention of later days. It is the same with the famous Courts of Love, whose precious doings are described in chapters xiii. and xiv. There never were any Courts of Love at all. Diez is by no means the only critic of weight who has exploded them. The myth has been so faithfully repeated by every modern historian that we can hardly disbelieve it. But the courts, the juries, the statutes, the dozen *causes celèbres*—here as usual dished up once more as samples of what went on every day—rest solely on one foundation, the *Tractatus Amoris*, purporting to be written by one Andrew, chaplain to Innocent IV. at the end of the twelfth century, but breathing the fifteenth century in every page. This catch-penny antiquarian hoax, owing to its oddity, immorality and impropriety, had no doubt some success in its day and has been eagerly taken up by learned enthusiasts like Raynouard, and by every popular Romantic. And Mr. Rowbotham, to embellish his book, must give the puff-ball yet another kick. So we must needs repeat for the hundredth time that over the fifteenth century, like the nineteenth, passed a wave of Romantic Revivalism, a reactionary movement in which we trace the aristocratic antiquarian spirit. The old, business like, matter-of-fact feudalism was long since dead; the chivalry imported from the East which had taken its place had passed away with the Black Prince and his father, though Froissart, an apostle of the new school, has cleverly given them a Romantic complexion. A charming new fashion then sprang up at the courts of Provence, of Flanders, of Burgundy, and spread more or less widely through Western Europe, in castles which had become palaces, in cities now rich and splendid, among carpet knights in gold armour and ladies who had given up household work—in short in an age of aristocratic wealth, luxury and refinement. Society played at chivalry. The romantic fictions of the old minstrels, their Knights Errant, their fantastic doctrines of Love and Chivalry, their extravagant descriptions, were treated as antiquarian facts. Society thought it amusing to imitate, so far as was pleasant, the fabled glories of the Round Table and the Carling Paladins. A passing fashion no doubt—mainly affecting pageantry, society-manners, and literature—but its ultmate results were serious. It soon succumbed to the classical tastes, the political genius and the practical spirit of the Renaissance. But its false reading of mediæval history, its travesty of mediæval manners has remained, and even to-day the world believes that Europe from about 700 to 1500 was inhabited by knights and ladies of one uniform pattern, a pattern which as a fact never existed save in the imaginations of poets and in the make-believe pageants of the fifteenth century. Take dress alone as we find it in Scott or Dumas. How fresh and smart their characters keep themselves in the books! How shabby and faded and filthy they must have been in fact. Fancy riding your charger only from Bristol to London in bad weather, arrayed in your best armour and millinery, with your lady in her Genoa velvets, embroideries and feathers—no waterproofs, no umbrellas, no dressing case, no Saratoga trunk, no baths, no inns, or such inns! What a gallant pair to ride over London Bridge! Yet the novelist would set all the citizens agape at your splendour. Common sense is a severe critic of history. Or take the Courts of Love. We know as a fact that in the time of Richard and Philip Augustus ladies did amuse themselves by discussing the ethics and jurisprudence of love, and the mock trial of a faithless lover may have been a drawing-room pastime long before drawing-rooms were. But the same thing went on everywhere in all ages—probably similar topics still exercise the harems of Bagdad and Timbuctoo. In the fifteenth century the pretended Courts of Love were revived as a mere amusing game or pageant, precisely like our revival of the Eisteddfod and the Dunmow bacon festival. Many books and poems were then written about their antiquity and importance—all equally absurd, of which that of Andrew was adroitly ante-dated. Like Beatrice and Laura, the Courts were a conventional fiction, and it is perhaps enough to say that were we to accept, on the solitary evidence of one spurious book, the existence of such an anomalous, inconsistent institution, we should have to reject the whole history of the Middle Ages, which leaves no possible place for it.

We must not forget to commend Mr. Rowbotham's ingenious versions of several Troubadour poems, or his interesting remarks on the music and musical instruments of the period. The illustrations, except the two or three fancy sketches, are well chosen. Y. Y.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S NEW VOLUME.*

"Death! why at last he finds his treasure isle,
And he the pirate of its hidden hoard;
Life! 'twas the ship he sailed to seek it in,
And Death is but the pilot come aboard.
Methinks I see him smile a boy's glad smile
On maddened winds and waters, reefs unknown,
As thunders in the sail the dread typhoon,
And in the surf the shuddering timbers groan;
Horror ahead, and Death beside the wheel:
Then—spreading stillness of the broad lagoon,
And lap of waters round the resting keel."

This is the prevailing tone of Mr. Le Gallienne's elegy. The memory of a happy life, a life, that is, happy in its effect on a circle infinitely wider than Stevenson's own acquaintance—whatever its own personal griefs and pains—colours, with a a right instinct, this commemoration of his loss. The death of no other writer of our time could be to so many who had never set eyes on him so intimate and private a sorrow; yet wild lament and bitter wailing would give inappropriate expression to the keenest grief. A life so well rounded, whatever its human vicissitude and pain, a nature so gracious and gentle, constrain even a mourner with their own spirit; and Mr. Le Gallienne was poet enough, when he wrote his elegy, to write not merely with cruel, hideous Death in view, but at the bidding of the still living spirit of Stevenson. And so, for sensitive harmony with its subject, it stands with honour among the, not very numerous, fine poems of its kind.

Mr. Le Gallienne is too good a critic to wish for uniform commendation of all his work, and there are some poems here that were perhaps not conceived or penned with much seriousness nor care. The slimness of the volume gives them a prominence probably out of proportion to their author's regard for them. Criticism need go no further. Yet for occasional and light-themed verses he has a pretty talent; witness his "Paris, half Angel, half Grisette." And if two or three be thin in matter, I cannot say there is one ill-shaped piece. Every now and again he is master of a

* 'Robert Louis Stevenson: An Elegy and Other Poems, Mainly Personal.' By Richard Le Gallienne. (John Lane.)

romantic music that draws our hearts sympathetically along with it. We meet it in his "Ballad of London" and in the stanzas in which the poet who has won fame is appealed to by the "moon-led pilgrims" still struggling and climbing—

> "Strait was the way, thorn-set and long—
> Ah, tell us, shining there,
> Is fame as wonderful as song?
> And laurels in your hair!"

There may be better shaped, as there are easier, pleasanter poems in the volume than "Tree Worship"; but the promise of strong and original poetry from Mr. Le Gallienne in the future lies there. It took more than a cultivated ear and a pretty fancy to make it. The secret doings in a wood by night are pictured by one who was there to see them—

> "all the long day through the sleeping dryad dreams,
> But when the moon bends low and laps thee thrice she glides,
> Knowing the fairy knock, to bask within her beams.
> And all the long night through, for him with eyes and ears,
> She sways within thine arms and sings a fairy tune,
> Till, startled with the dawn, she softly disappears.'

And the friendly awe with which great trees inspire mortals sane enough not to class them with inanimate objects, is given sincere and satisfying expression in

> "I hang my votive song beneath thy temple bough,
> Unto thy strength I cry—Old monster, be my creed!
> Give me to clasp this earth with feeding roots like thine,
> To mount yon heaven with such star-aspiring head,
> Fill full with sap and bud, this shrunken life of mine,
> And from my bough, oh! might such stalwart sons be shed."

A. M.

MARMONTEL.*

Marmontel was once widely read in England as in France, and he exercised for a time an important influence or our literature, for reasons which it would be foolish to restate here, seeing that they are given with much acuteness, and in a delightful form, by Mr. Saintsbury in his preface. Recent reprints of him have been few; he is not after the taste of the hour, or at least of the minute. His Moral Tales are now hidden away in old libraries, and those of this generation who know as much of him even as his 'Shepherdess of the Alps' hit upon him most probably by chance, one rainy day, in a dusty nook; the volume is not now, as a matter of course, put into the hands of youth.

No one more unfit to flow in time and tune with the two main currents of thought in our century could be found than Marmontel. There is nothing mystical about him, nothing religious in the best accepted sense of the word; when he attempts the supernatural, not all his cleverness and wit can save him from absurdity. On the other hand, much of his sentiment and his morality, many of his views of life, will not stand the tests which the reasoning, reasonable, practical spirit of some of us would put upon them. A good part of him is distinctly of the quality that grows out-of-date, made for his own time, and no other. Yet, as if in contradiction, he has been a prime favourite with a limited number of readers, through a hundred changes of fashion, a source of refreshment when present modes have wearied and sickened. Such readers claim for him qualities that wash, and wear, and are, or should be, acceptable in every age. He had undoubted wit; he had common sense, good nature, and a lively fancy. He had more; but, as I have said, it is superfluous to give a bad paraphrase of Mr. Saintsbury's good preface; and I have every wish to recommend the purchase of this attractive edition of some of the most engaging of the Moral Tales, an edition similar in form to the 'Pride and Prejudice' sent out by the same publisher last Christmas.

A supplementary appeal for an appreciation of the eighteenth century story teller is, however, allowable; and it is made on the grounds of some of his external qualities. So far as you can distinguish between matter and form, it is by the latter that he scores still to-day. Indeed, just now, we want another Marmontel, especially here in England. He stands at this moment, for all his antiquated sentiment, an excellent model for some spirited new writer with quick wit, and a turn for kindly satire. A great genius might consider the form a trivial one; but a writer of talents might, on this track, begin a fresh and vigorous epoch in English prose, which is at present in a perilous state The greater part of the simpler, clearer prose of to-day is merely flippant; the more ambitious, and the more serious prose often affects a style which is only safe in the hands of the greatest genius: lawless and vague, it leaves imagination, originality, and the sense of harmony with ample room and liberty; but it likewise gives encouragement to the emptiest nonsense. Clear and simple writing is apt to be thin, as was Marmontel many a time. His plots are often meagre and his satire often elementary. But 'Solomon the Second,' 'The Pretended Philosopher,' and 'The Connoisseur' are gems, beautifully and subtly wrought; and at its worst, this kind of Moral Tale demands clear-headedness, brevity, good grammar, and something definite to say, however trivial and obvious. At its best, it is an admirable vehicle for subtle satire of the types and failings of the time, and for graceful idyll. It reveals flaws of style and thinking, in a cruel fashion, and unless adopted by a full man with a sparing pen, can be desperately dull, yet the full man with the light pen might hold the mirror up to us as effectively to-day as Marmontel did a hundred years ago. A return to a simpler, directer fashion in fiction might be perhaps itself an affectation, or a mere passing fashion, unfit to bear all the needs of the hour. But it would have wholesome consequences, if it served even for a month or two to discourage pretentious incapacity.

A. M.

* 'Marmontel's Moral Tales.' Selected with a Revised Translation, Biographical Introduction and Notes, by George Saintsbury. With Illustrations by Chris. Hammond. 6s. (G. Allen.)

THE MASTER.*

Mr. Zangwill never gives scanty measure in his stories, and here less than ever. The contents would have served most novelists with matter for three books. We mention the fact nearly altogether in a grateful spirit, for in accumulating material he has heaped up the interest. But some weaknesses must be set down to the fact that his large plan proved too unwieldy for him, and that it involved the introduction of scenes and characters with which and whom he was either unfamiliar or out of sympathy. To follow in detail the career of the hero of your imagination from the cradle to the grave—and that, if you cut off trifling bits at the two extremities, is what Mr. Zangwill has done—puts your knowledge of human nature and circumstance to a great strain. His hero had an exceedingly varied career, and in attempting to follow him in every phase of his fortunes, and to look at him and his fortunes always from the inside, he has now and again, especially in the latter portions, failed.

The first section of the story deserves the heartiest praise. The picture of the Strang family in their Acadian home could hardly be bettered. The self-reliant, helpful Matt, with his own high private ambitions locked up in his breast, while his mother and the younger children are dependent on his force of character and industry, is the future Master. The call to his destiny comes when he hears the legend of an uncle who had left the common ways of life to be a painter away in England. In this child of hardship and discipline, with the cunning hands and clever head, you see from what beginnings the successful Master grew. The portion dealing with his struggles in London is hardly less good. Hunger, cold, discouragement, are made terribly real, and, even if you scent the tragedy of its future, his mercenary marriage with the low-souled Rosina comes as a relief. Then follow the years of success, when circumstances drive him into society, and away from his detestable wife and his dull, sickly children, and when he becomes a man of wealth, because he has learnt his craft well, and because he sells to the British public what it wants. A beautiful and poetically-minded lady becomes his friend; her influence is elevating to his art and his whole being; but when he sees the end of the friendship will be a final desertion of the detestable Rosina, he heroically breaks away from his dream of happiness, gives up his fashionable painter's establishment and all thoughts of further popular success, sets up house with his

* 'The Master.' By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

commonplace, aggravating wife and children, and becomes the idealist painter Mr. Zangwill thinks he was meant to be. This is a crude outline of a very good story.

But two things in it are unsatisfactory. Strang's intercourse with Eleanor Wyndwood and her friend Olive Regan is described in great detail. These ladies are supposed to be at once elegant and original. Here lies Mr. Zangwill's completest failure. The inspiring Eleanor is a bore, a second-rate sentimentalist; and Miss Regan's sprightliness is often vulgar and nearly always inane. If that society tempted Matthew Strang, he was other than we believe him to have been. The second criticism may seem less substantial. What Strang had to do in order to succeed, what he had to suffer, are told with a wealth of careful and never tedious detail. But what he was, and aimed at—beyond the vague ambition to be a painter—we are never made to feel. So that at the end, when we leave him leading a frugal life, making daily sacrifices to art, and painting the most idealistic pictures, we are unconvinced. And that is not the thing that should come as a surprise at the end of a very full biography.

From 'My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.'

The two women mentioned above are the only characters that are failures, though it must be said the evolution of Herbert, from a very mean, cowardly, worldly young man into his later self, the fitting husband for Olive, Mr. Zangwill's evident favourite, is not very comprehensible. His father, on the other hand, the once ambitious painter, who gave up making for the buying and selling of pictures, who made a fortune, and devoted it to the systematic training of his son to be a Royal Academician, is delightfully imagined. Billy, too, the Master's cripple brother, the failure in literature and life, is painted with truth and sympathy. There is something to find fault with in the book; but in so full a story there is a chance of picking and choosing, and no one need come empty away.

A HAPPY MOUNTAINEER.*

"I fear no contributions to science, or topography, or learning of any sort are to be found sandwiched in between the story of crags and séracs, of driving storm and perfect weather. To tell the truth, I have only the vaguest ideas about theodolites, and as for plane tables, their very name is an abomination. To those who think with me, who regard mountaineering as unmixed play, these pages are alone addressed."

These words from Mr. Mummery's preface are the keynote of his book, a book that breathes the very spirit of enjoyment and passes it on to the reader. Nevertheless, it is written for the serious climber. If there be no botany or geology, or any kind of research in the pages, it contains at least practical guidance and information on some of the most interesting and most difficult Alpine peaks. It will make bolder, and at the same time warier, climbers, for both on the joys and the difficulties of the various routes it is very explicit. Indeed, from the point of view of practical usefulness there is only one fault to be found: and that is the want of maps for the information of the novice planning his holiday. It is easy to supply the deficiency, but, nevertheless, it is a safe rule that when a book, or any part of a book, may be illustrated by maps, to put them in. The illustrations, those from sketches by Mr. Pennell and the photogravures from photographs, are excellent, and the whole volume is sumptuously bound and printed.

The most interesting climbs recorded by Mr. Mummery are the Zmutt and Furggen Ridges in the Matterhorn, the Col du Lion, the Aiguille du Plan, the Grépon—which has a fascinating chapter devoted to it—and the Aiguille Verte, by the Moine Ridge. The description of the Teufelsgrat expedition has a special interest for women mountaineers as it chronicles the experiences of Mrs. Mummery. There is less breathless excitement about the story of the adventures among the Caucasus, but travellers with a love for lonely wanderings, away from tourists and big hotels, will find these the best of all.

Besides information about equipment—given for the most part in the least wearisome form of casual reference—and besides the most detailed suggestions as to routes, Mr. Mummery joins in a good many Alpine controversies of first-rate importance. What he has to say on the two difficult questions of the rope, and of the best number for a climbing party, is worth listening to. His opinions have been tested in all kinds of circumstances, over many years, and they are not cut and dried. As they are points of great interest to all climbers, we should gladly quote the whole, but that is impossible, and these are not matters to speak of lightly or too summarily. If he sees certain dangers in the rope, and occasional safety in the much disapproved-of number two, he speaks with reference to conditions and circumstances dealt with in great detail.

Some of the climbs described are separated by an interval of nearly five-and-twenty years, for he took very early to the sport and has been the most faithful of lovers. Thus he can compare the old and new conditions of mountaineering, and can sum up the history of some mountains, out of his own experience, in the three stages of "An Inaccessible Peak.—The most difficult ascent in the Alps.—An easy day for a lady."

For a good deal of present-day mountaineering he feels unmitigated contempt: for the man who hurries up a peak and hurries down to the brass bands and other tourist vulgarities provided for his kind; for the creature that the guide thinks only fit to extract trinkgeld from, "to smear

* 'My Climbs in the Alps and Caucasus.' By A. F. Mummery. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Unwin.)

with grease, to decorate with masks and veils, and to button up in strange chain-clad gaiters—a thing to be wound up with wine and brandy, and which must never be lost sight of till safely handed over to the landlord of an inn;" for the mechanically planned expeditions, when you may know to the fraction of a minute the exact time you will get to each point in the ascent; for mountaineering as a business, as a "thing to do"—fierce and haughty scorn. Every true out-of-door man or woman, be they Alpine climber or not, will revel in Mr. Mummery's book, which utters with such frank vigour his detestation of the beaten track, the pleasure of toil and venture, the rhapsody to be found in the lonely and untrodden spots of the earth. But though that is the spirit underlying all his Alpine wanderings and this account of them, his topmost note, if less sublime, is magnificently inspiriting. The air is in his head; he has a flow of good humour and dancing health, of jokes hideously bad or delightfully witty, according as they are judged by outdoor or indoor standards. Indeed, his story of happy adventures runs by pass and peak as blithely as a jodel.

THE STORY OF EARLY GAELIC LITERATURE.*

Dr. Douglas Hyde is probably the most successful of all that little group of men of letters who are trying to interest the Irish people in their history and literature. His lectures in English to the National Literary Society and in Gaelic to "The Gaelic League" have had the most extraordinary effect in awakening interest in the Irish language. In towns where three or four years ago there was not a single Gaelic-speaking person there are now hundreds, and the movement is growing every day. The present book is probably intended as a text-book for these groups of enthusiasts; and though too full of exposition and appeal to have the haunting charm of the 'Connaught Love Songs,' and too full of crowded facts to touch the imagination like 'Beside the Fire,' it is certainly moving and excellently readable. It describes the great legend cycles, the mythological, the Cuchullain, the Fenian, and discusses the views, as to their antiquity and origin, held by Nutt, Rhys, Joubainville, and others, in short but sufficient chapters. In the great controversy which divides Irish scholars as to whether Finn and Cuchullain, their friends and their followers, their battles and their huntings, are legend coloured by history or history coloured by legend, Dr. Hyde throws in his lot with those who hold them historical in the main; and this choice seems to an obstinate upholder of the other theory but a part of the one capital defect of his criticism. He is so anxious to convince his little groups of enthusiasts of the historical importance of the early Irish writings, of the value to modern learning of the fragments of ancient customs which are mixed up with their romance, that he occasionally seems to forget the noble phantasy and passionate drama which is their crowning glory. He does not notice at all, for instance, "The Death of Cuchullin," which is among the greatest things of all legendary literature; and gives an entire chapter to "The Feast of Brian," which is among the least; and all because "Posidonius, who was a friend of Cicero, and wrote some hundred years before Christ, mentions that there was a custom in Gaul" which is also in "The Feast." This defect is probably caused to some extent by the traditions of Irish learning which are hopelessly dry-as-dust, but if our own profoundly imaginative Irish scholar cannot throw off the ancient chains we are indeed lost.

W. B. YEATS.

THE HARBOURS OF ENGLAND.†

Mr. Ruskin's introductory essay to the thirteen engravings from Turner contains a fine rhapsody on the sea and on boats. It has nothing, or very little, to do with the pictures that follow, but it has noble passages for which mere relevance would be but a poor substitute. It is not a very well-known essay, so a quotation is allowable: "Of the larger and more polite tribes of merchant vessels, three-masted, and passenger-carrying, I have nothing to say, feeling in general little sympathy with people who want to *go* anywhere; not caring much about anything, which in the essence of it expresses a desire to get to the other sides of the world; but only for homely and stay-at-home ships, that live their life and die their death about English rocks. . . . I respect in the merchant service only those ships that carry coals, herrings, salt, timber, iron, and such other commodities, and that have disagreeable odour and unwashed decks. But there are few things more impressive to me than one of these ships lying up against some lonely quay in a black sea-fog, with the furrow traced under its tawny keel far in the harbour slime. The noble misery that there is in it, the might of its rent and strained unseemliness, its wave-worn melancholy, resting there for a little while in the comfortless ebb, unpitied, and claiming no pity; still less honoured, least of all conscious of any claim to honour; casting and craning by due balance whatever is in its hold up to the pier, in quiet truth of time; spinning of wheel, and slackening of rope, and swinging of spade, in as accurate cadence as a waltz music; one or two of its crew, perhaps, away forward, and a hungry boy and yelping dog eagerly interested in something from which a blue dull smoke rises out of pot or pan; but dark-browed and silent, their limbs slack, like the ropes above them, entangled as they are in those inextricable meshes about the patched knots and heaps of ill-reefed sable sail. What a majestic sense of service in all that languor!" There is another fine outburst in praise of our Ships of the Line, the only thing we can make nowadays worth making, he thinks.

The notes attached to the thirteen fine engravings seem just a little trivial to those who, however much they may love Ruskin, do not call him the Master. But the engravings themselves are really finely reproduced: the publishers deserve congratulations on the point, and for issuing them at a far more reasonable price than formerly.

Mr. Wise writes an interesting preface, giving the history of the book. Projected and partly carried out in 1826 by Turner and Lupton, it was completed, with Ruskin's collaboration, in 1856. A fifth edition appeared in 1877, and since then the work has been almost inaccessible. The editor claims for the new issue that the prints, except that they have been reduced in size, "more nearly approach the clearness and beauty of the originals of 1856 than any of the three editions which have immediately preceded it;" and the claim is well-founded.

THE GODS, SOME MORTALS, AND LORD WICKENHAM.*

"John Oliver Hobbes" caught her manner early. Well, "caught" is not a good word; it seems to give her too little credit in the matter. Better say she found it; always understanding that her finding came by search, not chance. It is a clever manner, continually pleasing to some, fitfully pleasing to others, but putting on her obligations of providing amusement which she mostly respects. Her manner is, of course, not merely a thing of words; it is a way of looking at life, and, till lately, her equipment has seemed complete. She glanced at selected bits of life, saw the comedy in them, and put what she took in into clever words. But she has shown signs recently of other aims. Her precocity has served to hide how unformed and unsettled were her designs in fiction. Snapshots at modern high-bred types were all very well; now ambitions are seething in her to be the novelist rather than the mere reporter of scenes, to describe life in a more deliberate, patient way, to watch the evolution of character. She is perhaps clever enough to succeed in anything, and the most superficial reader of her short stories cannot but have detected a lurking serious vein under the smartness. Whether she ultimately revert to her comediettas in narrative or dialogue, to the brisk rendering of typical scenes, phases, and features of character, at all events she is just now on the road to something else. It is safe to say that the next few years will see novels from her pen that will be able and original. Being "on the road" is, however, not altogether becoming to "John

* 'The Story of Early Gaelic Literature.' By Dr. Douglas Hyde. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

† 'The Harbours of England.' By John Ruskin. With Thirteen Illustrations by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. Edited by Thomas J. Wise. 7s. 6d. net. (G. Allen,)

* 'The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham.' By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Henry.)

Oliver Hobbes." When we met her first she had arrived, and was perfectly prepared to receive us in her fascinating lodging of the moment. But her present story, though far more ambitious, more substantially able, more serious, than anything she has done before, is at the same time amateurish by comparison. And the combination of clumsiness of design and looseness of material with her capable, elegant manner, has not a happy effect.

The story, as we hear it, is incredible. There may be nothing wildly extravagant in it, but, to believe, we need a supplementary explanation to that given us. Dr. Simon Warre is, we learn, and likewise feel, a man of ability, and for all his gentleness, his struggle up into the highest ranks of his profession almost unaided must have given him a knowledge of the world which would surely have prevented his being taken in by so blatant a fool as Anne Delaware. That Anne was also a wicked woman of a peculiarly disgusting type should perhaps also have been revealed to him before his marriage; but let that pass. All the while, he is in love with a charming young Italian girl, Allegra Vendramini, and Allegra is in love with him; but somehow they don't mention it; and so in despair of winning the Italian, whom he has never given a chance of accepting him, he falls into the clutches of Anne. Warre muddled his life. Now the stupidest muddle has always some explanation, and what is the use of a novelist who doesn't provide such? Anne, however, is the real puzzle—superbly healthy; natural, apparently, as only fools are; yet made of artifice from beginning to end; diseased in mind and morals; fascinating a most fastidious man; and appallingly vulgar. We have never seen this particular kind of woman villain, nor have we, even with John Oliver Hobbes's aid, clearly imagined her. Her story, and therefore of necessity Warre's too, is disagreeable, gratuitously so. When she elopes with Mr. Lumley-Savage we breathe freely. It was her most moral act.

But there are excellent things in the book. Even Anne is the subject of the shrewdest observation, by moments. Warre, except for the terrible marriage mistake—which we don't think he was the man to fall into—is delicately conceived. Lord Wickenham is introduced to us so charmingly that we go on wishing to make his acquaintance; but we are never gratified. There are other tantalising things of the kind; Vendramini, for instance, in Chapter I., is worthy to be the hero of a novel himself. Two or three admirable pages are devoted to the description of the old gentleman of military renown in former days, who now buys and sells objects of art on commission, living in a superbly desolate Palazzo, "the stately background of a career which one touch of cunning would have made contemptible, and which, if the actor had been less sincere, could so easily have seemed absurd." But there is nothing made of him. To tantalise is the privilege of the short story-writer. To the sober novelist it is forbidden.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE GRASSHOPPERS. By Mrs. Andrew Dean (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick). 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

"Mrs. Andrew Dean" is one of our very few clever satirists at this moment, and one of the very cleverest among these. We long for a little more gentleness from her sometimes towards the things and persons satirised. Hers is not the indifferent laughter of a wit who sees the ridiculous side of what he neither much approves nor disapproves. She satirises what she feels strongly about, what she dislikes, and, let it be owned, what is very unlikeable, and only too familiar. The vulgarities, the stupidities, the selfishness of English, but more especially of German society, she pounces on with hawk-like certainty. A contrast is always presented, and her gentler pictures have an attractive refinement about them, though less strength than those in crueller tones. "The grasshoppers" are the widow and daughters of a ruined city man, all three amiable, one of them clever and keenly alive to their past improvidence and their future responsibilities, but bound fast by the helplessness, the childish rashness and incapacity of the two others. They seek a refuge with a German relative, which gives Mrs. Sidgwick an opportunity for a merciless satire on the uncouthness, the selfishness, the worldliness, the dulness, the conservatism of Hamburg prosperous circles. Let Hamburg answer. The picture, accurate or not, is savagely amusing. How the amiable, childish, hopelessly extravagant mother dies, mainly of hardship, and how the flighty daughter marries for a home the suitor rejected by her sister, how Hilary is then free to try to earn a miserable, starvation living, till an old lover turns up to give her also a home; all this makes a pathetic story, very true to life, and reflecting not too harshly the circumstances of many grasshoppers that have sung all summer, and are helpless against the winter cold. Mrs. Sidgwick's cleverness is shown nowhere better than in the character of Hansen, which is a masterpiece of invention or photography. A German of a familiar type, narrow, conservative, uncouth, industrious, successful, warm-hearted, tenderly affectionate, ruling his belongings with a benevolent and generous despotism: such is Hansen, a man for an English girl to laugh at, till suddenly he makes music, and then the laugher wonders where that rough, prosaic merchant has disappeared to. Mrs. Sidgwick has done what she set out to do without bungling. We have not met with an abler novel than hers for many months.

A STREET IN SUBURBIA. By Edwin W. Pugh. Pioneer Series. (Heinemann.)

Intentionally or not, a certain character attaches to the stories in this series. They have been nearly all concerned with studies of modern womankind. But the present volume is a distinct exception; though dedicated to Madame Sarah Grand, it pays her no homage of imitation. It must be classed with Mr. Morrison's 'Tales of Mean Streets,' and Mr. Nevinson's 'Neighbours of Ours,' for it is a series of studies of poor life in London—not in Suburbia at all—neither very gloomy nor very rose-coloured. It is less of a whole than the other two, the temper underlying the sketches is more varied; so are the phases of life presented; its introduction of educated and aspiring persons, indeed, is enough to make a wide variation. The stories are unequal; there is not one, however, but proclaims itself to be the work of a writer of distinct talent. "The Old School," not a story, but a sketch, from life, surely—is excellent. So is "The First and Last Meeting"—a humorous tale of a formal discussion that was threatening to be an awful failure from general incapacity and quarrelsomeness, when a fluent and original stranger lifted his voice and made every one listen, till he came to "Gentlemen, I have in this satchel a preparation—" The meeting dispersed, and the quack gathered half the audience round him and did an excellent business. The story of the literary failure, Harry Cummers, is good too, and very wholesome; but, perhaps, the most genuinely humorous is "A Small Talk Exchange," a masterly study in infant cynicism and in other things. There is no very general view of London struggling life to be gained from Mr. Pugh's sketches, and it would be hard to make a theory out of them. But there is a deal of human nature which has been learnt from kindly contact with human beings.

LADY FOLLY. By Louis Vintras. (Hurst and Blackett.)

If it were not for the reflections and the expressions of opinion in 'Lady Folly,' we should say unhesitatingly that it was a very good story to fill up an idle hour or two. The non-story portions are not meant as "padding"; they are written in all sincerity; they are not the less dull for that. But the book, if you can forgive a little extravagance in the plot, is entertaining. Perhaps that is not the word the author would choose as descriptive of his work, which, in intention, is a tragedy; it is correct nevertheless. Lady Folly herself interests us moderately. She is the conventional spoilt beauty, vivacious, fascinating, and perfectly conscious of her charms. We like her enough to mourn her fate. But it is the villain of the piece, the beautiful and strong-nerved Violet Merveil, who provides the real entertainment. Whether fighting a bishop or fascinating him; whether bent on ruining domestic happiness, or queening it on the stage, or humbly performing her Roman devotions, she is always admirable and admirably attired. "The door opened, and Violet came in, looking exquisitely

lovely in a dinner-dress of palest green *poult de soie*, draped over with transparent white chiffon caught in at the waist by a large band of silver gauze, a red rose in her bosom, a rose-bud in her hair." Such was her appearance an hour or so after she had committed a cruel, dastardly murder. Nerve of that kind ought to have meant continued success, and we are surprised when her career is cut short by the old lover of her victim, now a Roman priest, who, knowing her secret, gives her the choice of the convent or the scaffold.

TWO STRANGERS. By Mrs Oliphant. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

One is always sure of respectfulness to the English language in anything that Mrs. Oliphant writes, though she is a little given to using the innocent slang of the hour, slang, of course, of an irreproachable set; to "take a *giro*" is the phrase in vogue with her for the moment. And one is sure of not being outraged in sentiment or by extravagances of plot. But it is only an author of wide and settled repute who would publish so dull a story as 'Two Strangers.' There is a trifling mystery in it, and the unexpected meeting of an estranged husband and wife. Otherwise, it is unpalatably plain fare. Well, there have gone many years of good work to buy Mrs. Oliphant the privilege of not taxing her imagination unduly now.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SOIL. By M. E. Francis. 6s. (Osgood.)

"M. E. Francis" has written a good tale for family and generally popular purposes, but it is a step backward from 'The Story of Dan,' and several steps backward from 'In a North Country Village.' The workmanship is very good, but the matter is a little poor—poorer than she need ever give us, at least; for that she possesses considerable invention and originality has been proved in her former tales. By its refinement and its literary form it is far removed from the commonplace; but a little analysis of our dissatisfaction at the close reveals the fact that it is merely one of the old well-worn Sunday-school tales, with a little sensation introduced, the whole impregnated by the writer's essential refinement, and shaped by her literary powers which are distinctly above the average. The characters are better conceived than the story; but the man with the past who marries the "daughter of the soil," and who, loving her for her purity, afterwards reviles her because she goes back to her father when a former wife turns up, is a somewhat incredible person. The narrow, rigid, loyal, and unattractive cousin is better, while his mother, inconsequent, good-natured, and worldly, is the success of the book. But "M. E. Francis's" next success should not be with a minor actor.

CHIMÆRA. By F. Mabel Robinson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

There are strong points of resemblance between Miss Robinson's latest novel and Mr. Zangwill's. The heroes of both are artists who have had a desperate struggle with poverty; both have married wives their intellectual inferiors, and out of sympathy with their artistic interests; both have to be content with a broken life, a premature weariness. It is in this last point, not a very cheerful, but an honest feature of the book, that Miss Robinson scores a success. Her hero, Treganna, is born of good stock, but under circumstances that cause the omission of his name from Debrett. He begins life with great demands, a fiery temper, and high ambition. As a private in the Army—starvation drives him to enlist—as a struggling artist, eking out his living by his powers of singing and dancing, as the husband of a pretty and virtuous uneducated Cockney, as the faithful father of his children, the protector of all his wife's relations, you see life gripping him ever harder, sucking his capacity for joy, forestalling the years in putting the stamp of age on him. So far the book is a sincere and powerful picture of many an honest and sensitive life to-day. We must confess to have felt the story drag at times; at others—especially in the barrack scenes—that the impression was second-hand; and occasionally that the characters were a trifle shadowy. We shouldn't know any of the Tregannas except Joe if we met them, though we are asked to believe they were all persons of individuality. But there is so sincere and so loyal a tone about the book, and the character and career of the hero have been seen in so whole a fashion, that these defects are not fatal to, but only modify the success of 'Chimæra.'

THE PRINCE OF BALKISTAN. By Allen Upward. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

Mr. Upward's variation of the detective story is a great success. And besides its detective interest, it has another feature which will be attractive to a large number of readers; the scene is laid in one of the Eastern European states, an easily recognisable principality, which has come into existence recently, and experienced a great deal of troublesome interference from Russia. Without being completely a *roman à clèf*, the reader of newspapers will very easily identify some of the personages, and will be familiar with the circumstances which suggested to Mr. Upward some part of his plot. The detective, Mr. Verriter, is called away from his roses on the banks of the Thames, and in the disguise of an American mining speculator, does miracles of divination and discovery with regard to the Russian intrigues against the Prince of Balkistan. The story maintains its interest from the second chapter (where it begins) to the end. But it does not fulfil the romantic promise of Chapter I.

A FATAL RESERVATION. By R. O. Prowse. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)

If titles be any guide to a writer's intentions, this one is meant to depend, for its interest, on what would strike most readers as a minor matter. It was, no doubt, an exceedingly important reservation that Sir Waveney Keyworth made, when, in relating to the friend of his childhood and youth what had happened since their separation, he made no mention to her of his marriage. The omission had consequences that, combined with other troubles, led to the death of the heroine. That story is, perhaps, the main one, as it is the most ably told; but it is obscured by a heap of sensational matter—a murder; the conviction of the wrong man; a lengthy imprisonment in Dartmoor; the escape of the convict; his hiding here and there in obscure poverty, dogged by the real criminal; the unmasking of this same real criminal by his deserted wife and fellow-conspirator. These events are a little noisy, and divert our attention from the career of the amiable wavering Waveney, who makes the wrong marriage and the fatal reservation. Mr. Prowse writes well, and shapes his characters with intelligence; but perhaps he would do better not to try the really difficult experiment of combining sensationalism with the quieter and finer methods of fiction.

LORD STIRLING'S SON; or, The Fool of the Family. By A. H. Marshall. (Osgood.)

The Fool, George Stewart, was a kind of Dobbin, only a great deal stupider. But as he was the good-hearted and simple member of a very unamiable family, and worked manfully to gain the lady of his love against very adverse circumstances, we are quite willing to take an interest in him. A lord's son, who wants to marry a governess, and when cut by his family in consequence, takes employment in a wholesale stationery business, is no contemptible hero. The story is told in a brisk and easy fashion, with a good deal of smartness, and evidently by a writer who has sharp eyes for the foibles of society, and distinct gifts as a superficial satirist. Its dominant tone is that of a great many cleverly written novels to-day, especially of the novels which, while entirely without genius, are written grammatically and without solecisms—a tone of good-natured snobbishness, the snobbishness not of vulgar aspiration or envy, but that which arises from thoughtless satisfaction with circumstances of easy prosperity and settled position, and from the scorn of most other conditions of life. It is compatible with much common sense and refinement, and is offensive to very few, seeing that it reflects the views of life held by nine-tenths of conventionally educated persons.

SINNERS TWAIN. A Romance of the Great Love Land. By John Mackie. (Unwin.)

Mr. Mackie's former story, 'The Devil's Playground,' surpassed this one in the interest of the plot, but 'Sinners Twain' shares the advantage of having the wild Canadian North West for a picturesque background. The story turns on a romantic affection felt by a sergeant in the mounted police—a man of rank in his own country, who had come out with broken prospects and a more or less broken heart—

for the daughter of a smuggling settler. Duty and love pull two ways. He does nothing desperate, however—Mr. Mackie's heroes and heroines are prudent as a rule—but he does enough to lose his stripes—and win the girl. Marie is a terribly well-conducted young woman, with the correctest notions on law and order; and when she gambols, she gambols very heavily. But she has great pluck, it must be owned; and the best chapter in the book describes her tempting a blizzard in the night-time on her way to warn her father. The non-story parts descriptive of the country are interesting; those uttering Mr. Mackie's moral reflections are very slow. The book is written in a solemn, not to say, pompous manner, at times. But if the style is far removed from good writing, it is still farther and honourably removed from mere easy smartness.

THE BURDEN OF A WOMAN. By Richard Pryce. (Innes.)

Here is a story of exceptional strength. Told without any visible effort, except perhaps here and there towards simplicity, it wins us to interest as really unaffected books have the gift of doing. There is nothing in either characters or story to mark it off conspicuously from others, but the feeling that suggested the telling of the story is so sincere, and the force of the writer's mind so direct, that we are naturally inclined to listen and look on with sympathy. The scene is laid in the village of Maen Gorsedd, in a Welsh border-county, and the sketches of Welsh life are done by the hand of knowledge; local prejudices, superstitions, customs, and speech are given just abundantly enough to form a fitting atmosphere, yet not so insistently as to weary and perplex, as many of our "local" novels end in doing. Peter Davidson, an honest, prosperous countryman, with rigid ideas on morality, falls in love with a stranger, who for some years has led a virtuous, hard-working life in the neighbourhood. She is as good as he thought her, but she has had a "past"; he condemns the past, loves her, and will not acknowledge her goodness; so she repudiates his love. Then come his marriage with the hysterical Hannah, his old love's enemy, and a life of constant unrest, Hannah's death, and, finally, a promise of happiness for the two in whom we are particularly interested. The story has been conceived in a refined and reasonable way; it is well wrought as a whole and in its incidental portions.

EVERY DAY'S NEWS. By C. E. Francis. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

There is a little cleverness in this story, and a good deal of observation of present-day life in London. But the observation is vitiated by exaggeration and bad temper, and the story is spoilt by one glaring improbability. Would two persons, both of whom earn their living by literature, marry and yet know hardly anything of each other's books? Presumably they might; but if they did not talk literature during their courtship, they must have talked life, and have known each other's views. In this case, the man was completely ignorant that his wife had written and published what he would consider scandalous fiction, and when he finds it out after marriage, surely the shock he suffers serves him right. The tirades against women writers are a little indiscriminating and vicious; but irritation is justifiable enough against the cheap successes which are gained to-day by audacity more easily than by talent.

A LITTLE SISTER TO THE WILDERNESS. By Lilian Bell. 3s. 6d. (Bell.)

English and American improving fiction differ a good deal in hue and temperature. On the whole, the American growth is better, more warm-blooded, less rigid, less shy of humour. A large number of novels of this character from across the water have established themselves as favourites here, testifying our inability to supply the kind of thing in satisfactory quality or quantity. The novel bearing the above extraordinary, but characteristic title, is of the stock from which sprang 'The Wide, Wide World,' though Miss Lilian Bell's has more pretensions to literary form. Here and there it reminds us of George Macdonald's minor fiction. The story is pleasant, with a humour of its own which relieves the rather sugary sentiment. There is nothing at all improbable in the susceptibility of Mag, the untaught girl, to the influences of culture, moral and mental. Cultivation and refinement come quickly enough with opportunity, when the soil is good, however long untilled. It is only Miss Bell's version of how it all happened that strikes us unreal. The preacher lover is detestable, but he will seem adorable to many readers of seventeen.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF ROGER WILKINS, and other Stories. By R. A. Andom. Illustrated. (Tylton and Edwards.)

The effort after facetiousness spoils most of these stories but they have high spirits and ingenuity to set off against some vulgarity and over-strain of humour. The title-story reads like a poor imitation of Mr. Anstey; most of the others are more genuinely amusing. The scheme of the desperate journalist to fleece the prosperous relatives of his friend, the poet Crane, in "Industry and Sloth," is ingeniously funny, and "Myrtle Farm" may amuse a reader in a mood for farce. But Mr. Andom's fun is apt to seem rather professional.

CHIFFON'S MARRIAGE. By Gyp. Translated by Mrs. Patchett-Martin. Zeit-Geist Library. 1s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

'Le Marriage de Chiffon' is one of "Gyp's" pretty, innocent, and only partially characteristic stories. But "Gyp" is almost untranslatable. At least she is not adequately translated here; and yet of all those who will condemn the version, and complain that the adaptations of Chiffon's vigorous speech into English slang have a vulgarising effect, hardly one could do better. If the lightness and the gaiety are lost, the story remains, however. Chiffon is a charming heroine—an innocent, straightforward, frank, unspoilt, boydenish beauty, persecuted by a vulgar, worldly mother, and, for her *dot*, by suitors she will have none of. The *dot* is to come from Uncle Mark—no uncle, but the brother of her step-father, serious, middle-aged, but attractive both to Chiffon and the reader. In a manner very pleasing to himself, he does indeed provide the *dot*, but under another name.

A BUBBLE. By L. B. Walford. Acme Library. 1s. 6d. (Constable.)

Of all the stories that have appeared in this already popular library, to which Dr. Conan Doyle, Mr. Bram Stoker, and Mr. F. C. Phillips have contributed, the present is the most attractive. If only Mrs. Walford had not killed off that pleasing hero of hers! He struck us as robust enough to stand much mental and bodily ill. But she is recording, in his death, a fact only too common among the brilliant young men of his kind. It is the story of an Edinburgh student, a youth of great gifts, and eager, aspiring nature, who falls in love, after direct encouragement, with a girl far above him in rank, the daughter of a general stationed at the Castle. That the general should have received the young low-born student at his house with such warmth, no matter what his predilections for genius may have been, those who know the social conditions of Edinburgh will be inclined to doubt; but we must let Mrs. Walford have her way. The lady of his heart goes to London; so does the young genius, to walk the hospitals. But he walks more than the hospitals—the road before her house, and the Row where she rides and drives. He discovers how all is changed, and then some part of the tragedy may be guessed. It is told with great sincerity and a simple pathos that will go straight to readers' hearts.

ROOTED IN DISHONOUR. By Hartley Carmichael. (Sampson Low.)

"Hypnotism, one of the deadliest and most devilish powers ever placed in the hand of man," provides the plot. The clever doctor, Selden Maxwell, in want of money, practises the "devilish power" over his trusting, amiable, and prosperous friend, Arthur Harvard, whom, in his character of a mental specialist, he accuses of kleptomania. Harvard's career and happiness are nearly ruined before the death and private confession of the villain make reparation. It is a story that keeps a moderate interest awake all the way through; it introduces us to two or three unusually agreeable companions, all of these Virginians, by the way, save the genial Father O'Donoghue.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

PANSIES. By May Probyn. 3s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

Some of the poems here will be familiar to the possessors of an earlier volume of Miss Probyn's. She pours out but little in quantity, and even this little volume might with advantage be thinned a page or two, not because it contains any very poor stuff, but because her best puts high obligations on all that keep it company. Miss Probyn's poetry is eminently pictorial. She translates the vivid legends and the stately, coloured, eye-appealing ritual of her Church into words. Of all the English Catholic poetry of the day Miss Probyn's is richest in colour and in that simple, definite design which is learnt from symbols and pictures of primitive imaginations. But there is nothing coldly archaic in her verse. The "Ballad," with which the volume opens, glows with spiritual passion. Says the maiden to her unknown visitor:

> "Lo, my seam is but begun,
> And my flax is but half spun.
> The red sun dippeth to the sea—
> Come not here to hinder me."

The messenger says the spinning is unneeded. He brings her robe, and she must away with him. She says her mother will die of grief, but he answers, Daughters leave their mothers for their bridegroom's side. The bridegroom is a king's son, and dwells in a golden city.

> "Why at thy tale so stir
> My heartstrings, messenger! . . .
> Oh! say (if thou shouldst know)
> There doth a river flow?"
>
> "Yea, beset with flowering trees
> And fields of anemones—
> River, sans storm, sans strife,
> Of the water of Life."
>
> "Oh! 'tis He for wedding with Whom
> This white web doth fill my loom.
> Say quickly, of thy grace,
> Where is the meeting-place?"
>
> "Maid, where the lions roar
> On the blood-deluged floor,
> And the torment waiteth thee—
> There thou must go with me."

Miss Probyn's little volume once known will be often reopened. We cannot see the appropriateness of its title, but forgive it because it has suggested to Miss Mathews a design for a pretty title-page.

THE WORLD'S OWN BOOK; or, The Treasury of A'Kempis. By Percy Fitzgerald. (Stock.)

This is a piece of bookmaking which will be freely forgiven and even gratefully accepted for the sake of the unending interest in the subject. Mr. Fitzgerald treats of the various editions of the 'Imitation,' of its printers, its lovers, of its plan and contents, its religious and literary worth. No one section is anything like complete. A full bibliography would, of course, have taken an enormous space, besides great labour. The testimony of great men to their debt to A'Kempis will be supplemented by every reader. No exhaustive analysis is attempted, and the appreciatively critical remarks are not very profound. Yet the book has been compiled by one who loves the 'Imitation,' and its information, so far as it goes, will be useful to many other lovers who know nothing of the history of the book of which Johnson said, "The world has opened its arms to receive it." By the bye, we think Mr. Fitzgerald's evidence that Shakespeare knew it a little shaky. Shakespeare was perhaps capable of evolving out of his own heart,

> "Let me be ignorant and in nothing good
> But graciously to know I am no better,"

and the other pious lines that are quoted. However, it is a harmless belief that he too studied and loved the book that has had so many lovers in every western nation, of every capacity, and of every belief.

THE GREAT DOMINION: STUDIES OF CANADA. By G. R. Parkin. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Parkin's book is based on a series of letters he wrote to the *Times* in 1892-3. These letters were accepted for the most part throughout Canada as fair and satisfactory. In their present form they give more definite information on the prospects and the temper of the Dominion than can be found conveniently anywhere else. The three maps are unusually good, too. The book is so carefully compiled, and written in so sober and conscientious a spirit that it deserves a longer notice than we have space for. We can only point to the two classes to whom it is specially addressed—politicians in search of careful facts about the trade, the government, the finances, and the races of Canada; and intelligent readers interested personally or generally in emigration. The latter will find none of the cut-and-dried information nor any of the rhetoric of the cheap handbook. But from Mr. Parkin's facts and statistics, he will be able to take a large survey of the general prospects of Canada. He does not give a rose-coloured view of fortune-seeking; if young Englishmen had their eye less on sport and more on grinding work, they would make quicker way, he thinks. Mr. Parkin, be it said, does not share Mr. Goldwin Smith's separatist views.

THE PITY OF LOVE. A Tragedy. By Theodore Wratislaw. (Sonnenschein.)

This is so much saner than some earlier specimens of Mr. Wratislaw's verse that we should like to approve of it. But sanity of style and subject is not in itself admirable; it is a negative, unattractive quality, and though we have read through the whole of this tragic drama, on the unhappy love of Philip von Königsmarck for the Princess Sophia of Hanover, with respect, and have found it commendably lucid, it has never in a single line stirred or charmed us. Is this on the level of fifth form blank verse? There is not much of it better in quality:

> "My God, why didst Thou tempt me thus? O why
> Didst Thou foredoom me to a state so high?
> Far happier lives the serf that tills the field
> Than we who gain all things the earth doth yield
> Save joy and love, of all earth's gifts the best
> And without which how vain are all the rest!"

PLAYER POEMS. By R. G. Legge. (Innes.)

With the hardships of the "profession" Mr. Legge has the deepest sympathy; for its virtues he has the highest admiration; and its failings find in him an understanding judge. Its humble hangers-on, the stage-carpenter, the property man, have their grievances set forth by him in vigorous dialect and with plentiful humour. These dialect ballads are the best, ordinary English somehow having the effect of leading Mr. Legge into obscurities. The happy-go-lucky natures and careers, and the stoical endurance which the players are called on to exercise, would appeal to our sympathies, and even our understandings, more successfully, if sung in simpler language and constructions. His earlier book, 'Songs of a Strolling Player,' had a better style for his purpose.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LORD CLYDE. By Archibald Forbes. English Men of Action Series. (Macmillan.)

From a historical and military aspect Mr. Forbes's life of Colin Campbell could hardly be bettered. From first to last it is clear, orderly, and vigorous. In no other work probably could a more accurate and practical impression be gained, in so small a space, of the chief events in Campbell's time in India; and the account of the Mutiny and its sequels is a model of fair chronicling—always remembering the limitations of space. Mr. Forbes has written from the military and historical point of view, which interests him most, and which happens to be the point of view of most importance. Perhaps something more might have been done to reveal Clyde's attractive and inspiriting personality, though this has not been altogether neglected. His rare combination of fearless impulse and conscientious prudence, his hatred of "butcher's bills," these and other characteristic traits of a great man are illustrated casually by Mr. Forbes over and over again.

THE THEATRICAL WORLD OF 1894. By William Archer. With an Introduction by G. Bernard Shaw, and a Synopsis of the Play-bills of the year by H. G. Hibbert. 3s. 6d. (Scott.)

We have no more reasonable, more sincere, or less pedantic dramatic critic than Mr. Archer. His bright and

fair-minded judgments on the theatrical events of last year contain a great deal of good and suggestive reading, while as material for the future historian of the drama they will be invaluable. Something of Mr. Archer's reasonable spirit is displayed in Mr. Bernard Shaw's interesting preface, which deals mainly with the conditions, other than artistic, that govern the success or failure of plays in London. These conditions, mainly financial, should be known to all who lament, with justice, the present state of the drama; but Mr. Shaw, quite rightly, thinks they are not known; and as the advocate of an advanced and artistic theatre, he does an excellent service in stating the present enormous difficulties that stand in the way of realising his own aspirations, and those of other good lovers of good plays.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. 5. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

THE EVERGREEN. A Northern Seasonal, 1895. 5s. net. (Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes and Colleagues). (London: T. Fisher Unwin).

It is impossible to keep from grouping these two "seasonals" together, and yet green is not nearly so unlike yellow as these northern and southern cousins are unlike each other. The 'Yellow Book' was never so yellow as its reputation; how its particular reputation rose it is difficult to see; perhaps from rumours of unfulfilled intentions. But it is of the hour, and the hour has its unhealthy moments. The 'Evergreen,' on the other hand, takes glimpses into to-morrow, and by to-morrow it thinks decadence, whatever that may be, will have died, if indeed it ever breathed a living breath north of the Tweed. The English quarterly aims only at being artistic and literary; its Scottish cousin, on the other hand, has, besides, high civic and social aspirations; it is a great deal more serious, and —not a little dull. Perhaps it should not be judged by its crude spring number; like the season of the year and the movement it celebrates it is all uncertain and immature. The stories are not first-rate; the essays are vague; the poetry is but indifferent good; and the pictures are just as bad as they could possibly be. It may for all that be the first sprout of a vigorous plant whose fruits will be pure and wholesome to the taste. The Celtic revival makes some shaky but laudable attempts to express itself in fiction. There is a glorious field here for a genius when he arises. Perhaps the most definite note in the book is sounded in 'La Littérature Nouvelle en France.' It is written by a learned and precocious young Belgian, M. Charles Sarolea. It hails the new era of a purer, more spiritual literature, and declares the brutal era of materialistic science and hysteria is at an end. All this is very well, but youth is ever cruel and ungrateful, and among the men and books M. Sarolea dances on are some that deserve honour, whether they be of the kind he likes or not. Whatever renaissance of good spirits and spiritual belief be possible in these coming days, any new movement that will exclude the darker, even the uglier sides of life from literature, will be doomed with the doom of the untrue and the sentimental.

The literary contents of the present number of the 'Yellow Book' are varied and readable, though there is no very remarkable contribution—if we except Mr. Watson's "Ballad of the Sea." Miss Ella D'Arcy, Mr. Harland, and Mr. H. D. Traill contribute well written stories. M. Anatole France's "L'Evêché de Tourcoing" is clever but rather thinner and rather more cynical than his are wont to be. The Hon. Maurice Baring's study of M. Anatole France, that master of grace, is pleasant reading. Mr. John Davidson has written better Eclogues than his latest one. The pictures are sane, and none the less interesting.

THE LEGEND OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. By James Knowles. Eighth Edition. 3s. 6d. (Warne.)

This is a reissue of a book written five and thirty years ago, and long out of print. Since its first appearance there have been several attempts made at popularising the Arthurian legends, but not one has superseded Mr. Knowles's. His simple plan is after all the best one; he has abridged Malory, modernising the language somewhat; he has made a few additions, drawn chiefly from Geoffrey of Monmouth; and he has arranged the stories more or less consecutively. Archaisms frighten most young people, so with many this version will be more popular than Malory undiluted; and the arrangements and additions make it convenient for students—we do not say scholars—of the Arthurian cycle. The volume is attractively bound and printed. We hope it may find its way to many school libraries and young people's bookshelves.

JOHN STUART MILL. A Study of his Philosophy. By Charles Douglas. 4s. 6d. net. (Blackwood.)

Professor Douglas describes his intentions with regard to Mill thus—"To examine some ideas which underlie his work, rather than to give a summary of his opinions, or a detailed account of his contributions to the philosophical sciences." In pursuance of this limited aim, it seems to us he has occasionally strained Mill's words; his earnest effort to get at the essence of Mill's teaching has occasionally ended in some mingling of his critic's or another's philosophy. But, speaking generally, this unpretentious book is a model of clear and fair-minded study, which we regret we cannot so lengthily as we can emphatically commend. Professor Douglas is by no means always in agreement, but he is never out of sympathy with his subject, and perhaps the chapters which show best his clearheadedness and his respect for differing opinions, are those in which he deals with Mill's ethical position. In Mill's principles, many of which, when worked out, are idealistic, he detects an occasional inconsistency, but he does not therefore undervalue these inconsistencies, which have "not less to do with his contribution to knowledge, in logic, ethics, and politics, than what are generally supposed to be his more deliberate and serious conclusions." He shows how the idealistic elements "are not mere felonious appropriations of desired results produced by the labour of other men," but that they are either indissolubly woven into his common way of thought, or the outcome of something in his own personal character. The study is not biographical, but future biographers will find its keen analysis of Mill, especially on his ethical side, of first-rate use to them.

MADONNA'S CHILD. By Alfred Austin. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This charming poem has been taken out of its setting in 'The Human Tragedy,' where it first appeared more than twenty years ago, and is now published separately. It needs not the rest to complete it, and as to many it always seemed the most attractive of the episodes in the longer poem, by itself it will have a better chance of readers. This "Romance of the Riviera" is in soft, mild tones; now and again one is tempted to call it sugary rather than sweet, but only in a few feeble passages; real gentleness, not weakness, is its character, and in simple fashion Mr. Austin draws pictures of the fair land and sea and the guileless ministrant in the temple, that are not read merely to be forgotten. It is a soothing music he makes in such verse as this:

"He saw her with the streaming sunlight come
Over the hills, over the mountains grey;
He heard her in the rising dawn-wind's hum,
He felt her in the warmth of glowing day.
She sang to him when all the groves were dumb,
Walked the long sands, leaving no print the while,
And in the rippling wave infused her smile."

THE FRIEND OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY: being Selections from the Works in Verse and Prose of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Made by Alexander B. Grosart. Elizabethan Library. (Stock.)

A trifle scrappy are these Elizabethan Library volumes; but some scraps whet the appetite; and these may. It is not pleasant and easily swallowed food that Brooke provides; he wrote for readers with their brains awake. He was a man of fine intellect rather than a fine writer. Reason the more for presenting readers that are not students with the more striking and suggestive passages in a convenient shape. This Dr. Grosart has done satisfactorily, and his book of extracts will set some thinking. See how Brooke makes poetry in the very act of prosaically upsetting a myth—

"Cynthia, because your horns look divers ways,
Now darkened to the East, now to the West,
Then at full glory once in thirty days;
Sense doth believe that change is Nature's rest.
Poor earth, that dare presume to judge the sky:
Cynthia is ever round, and never varies;
Shadows and distance do abuse the eye,
And in abused sense Truth oft miscarries."

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

REGULATIONS FOR YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* THE BOOKMAN. (*An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.*)

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3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. A. L.—The story does not hang together. There seems no reason for making the hero a novelist any more than a stockbroker. And a mother who could possibly behave towards a child in such a fashion was not to be trusted in the future. One ends the story with the thought that there is unhappiness looming not far off for that family.

A. M. L.—A pretty fancy. Some of the fancies are very pleasing, and the whole, with a little revision, might be fit for acceptance by a magazine devoted to country things, or one for young people. Part 2, verse 1, line 2, weak; verse 3, line 3, poor: all the rhymes here forced. Last verse, line 5: the English language does not like such diminutives; you must write in dialect before they are congruous out of the nursery.

BAB.—No, this won't do. There is an unpromising kind of fluency about it. Your mind will have to grow a deal before you write good matter; but in the meanwhile you might learn the mere mechanical part of the trade—spelling, punctuation, and even the correct copying of your MS.

BURNS.—Very true and very pretty sentiment. But not very good as verse.

CARABINIER.—You ask why it is not an idyll? Well, the name is used loosely enough nowadays, but there still lingers about it an idea of graciousness and beauty—and your subject forbids that. There is distinct merit in the story, but I find fault with its plan. The two scenes are perhaps meant to be supplementary, but they are not so; or to be contrasts, but there is no particular point to be made by contrasting them. There is good work in the first, but it is wasted. The second portion, from "There was a knot" to the end, is complete in itself. A little savage in its tone, isn't it? I should alter "sank supine" into "sank down." "Social parallel" is incorrect.

CERMONA.—Told in an amusing fashion, and on the whole in a good simple style. Send it to a boys' magazine. It strikes me you could write best for boys.

COLLEEN.—The verses do not justify any encouragement to you to continue this kind of exercise.

RAY DEENE.—Very pretty. Your touch is growing surer. I have no criticism of detail to make. This is good enough to send to a minor magazine.

E. L.—This is not good enough to justify encouragement.

ELISE.—Clever. You might try to get them into a magazine. But they have one fault which I fear is not very curable so long as one lady is the heroine of the series. Miss B. is interesting, but just a little sententious and preachy. She is not the ideal lady for this particular form of story. "Repellent poles" is not good.

GOBO.—Very fair. The story is interesting, and told in a clear, business way. You might have some success as a writer of popular tales. Try an Irish newspaper—of sympathetic colour, of course.

H. E. O. P.—The meaning is not very clear. I am not sure what the Question was after all. A lack of punctuation hinders the understanding here and there. Blank verse is a dangerous medium. I should advise your practising either in plain prose or simple rhymed stanzas. You would feel a greater necessity of making your point neatly.

J. G. W.—What is it all about? I have read it conscientiously through, and cannot understand your object in writing it, and have been in great confusion with regard to the persons introduced. The title has nothing to do with it; the descriptions are not good enough to warrant the thing being written for their sake; and the conversations are neither lively nor characteristic. The MS. is not at all illiterate. But you have made a miss.

G. McD.—Read your first sentence again. It amounts to—What is not A. is not A.—nothing more. A bad fault in construction in sentence (page 1) beginning, "It is immaterial," and a strange mis-spelling a little lower. Who were the "Greek Rhapsodists" whom Homer led such a dance? There are repetitions in almost every sentence. The tendency of your mind is towards thoughtfulness, but you are only learning to think, and your expression is halting. I don't think you quite understand the age you are expounding, though, roughly, you have grasped the reason for a decline of the poetic art. It is quite worth while practising this kind of thing, but defer all notions of publication.

JASARBEE.—Might be accepted by a temperance publication. The style is after the fashion of a great deal of philanthropic literature, and whether you should try to alter it depends on your object in writing. Its literary faults are many, but it does not prevent your telling a touching story. Still, touching stories gain by being told simply, so it might be as well for you to read your MS. again, and substitute direct words for such circumlocutions as "members of the feathered tribe," and to cut out most of the grand words. Many of them are used quite wrongly. By "eulogism" you mean, presumably, "eulogium."

MARY KERR.—Fluent, and showing a susceptibility to beauty and poetry, but I think nothing more. I fear they would be always returned from any paper of standing.

MEYLER.—I don't think this would be accepted. The plot is a little improbable, and the writing is weak. What had the G. B. to do with the *dénouement?* You'll have to invent a better story, and write a great deal more carefully before you can hope for success.

H. O. PEON.—I don't know what you can make of this. It has one fatal fault: it is very dull. Blank verse is, to those who have not studied its requirements, a great encourager of wordiness and platitudes. If you were to try to put these ten and a half pages into sixteen lines, you would learn something.

R. T. P.—As a drawing-room burlesque it might be very amusing. This kind of thing is sometimes accepted for Christmas numbers, but not often. Useful criticism could only be obtained by having it acted, and finding the parts that don't "go." It is certainly above the average of amateur productions.

S. C. S.—It shows real talent for writing one kind—a favourite kind—of children's story. But it is at present in an impossible shape. You must learn to spell, to write—I mean to form letters—and something about punctuation. No editor would look beyond page 1 of this MS. A month's grind at the drudgery of composition would have its reward. For you have humour, and you understand the world of "make believe" very well.

SIGNA.—Not bad. There is something imposing in the sound. I don't know the meaning of "Wedded, unwedded; but by what behest?"

YEVLEK.—Good, except that the seven-footed third line in each stanza is a great mouthful to swallow.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADENEY, W. F.—The Song of Solomon and The Lamentations, 7/6 Hodder & Stoughton

Anglican Pulpit Library: Vol. 2, Epiphany to Septuagesima, 15/- Hodder & Stoughton

BIGG, C.—Neoplatonism, 3/- (Chief Ancient Philosophies) .. C.K.S.

BOSANQUET, B.—The Essentials of Logic, 3/- net .....Sonnenschein

CARPENTER, W. B.—Lectures on Preaching, 3/6..... Macmillan

[*Lectures delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, last year. They deal in an eloquent and able manner with the aims and education of the preacher, and the scope, structure, and spirit of sermons.*]

Confucian Annalists, The. Edited by W. Jennings, 2/-....Routledge

DAVIES, The late Rev. J.—The Kingdom without Observation, 6/- Allenson

DIGGLE, Rev. J. W.—Religious Doubt, its Nature, etc., 7/6 Longmans

DILLON, E. J.—The Sceptics of the Old Testament..... Isbister

DOUGLAS, C.—John Stuart Mill ..... Blackwood

[*See p.* 91.]

DOUGLAS, G. C. M.—Isaiah One and his Book One, 10/6..... Nisbet

EAGAR, A. R.—The City of the Living God, a Note on Heb. xii. 22-24, 2/6 .....C.K.S.

FITZGERALD, P.—The World's Own Book, or the Treasury of A'Kempis, 7/6 .... Stock

[*See p.* 90.]

FOWLER, Rev. M.—Some Notable Archbishops of Canterbury, 3/- C.K.S.

FULLER, M.—Incense, A Liturgical Study ..... Innes

[*A defence of the use of Incense, with arguments drawn from history, tradition, and authority.*]

Gospel of St. Mark, with Notes by Rev. E. Lyttelton, 2/-.. Longmans

Gospel (The) on the Continent, Incidents in the Life of James Craig, edited by his Daughter, 6/- ..... Hodder & Stoughton

GREEN, T. H.—Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligations, 5/- Longmans

HARRISON, I. H.—Tolstoy as Preacher .....Scott

[*An interesting criticism of Tolstoy's religious views by one who sympathises with much of the spirit inspiring them, but is by no means in full agreement. Mr. Harrison's judgments are more patient and more independent than those of most of Tolstoy's lovers or critics.*]

HEATH, R.—Anabaptism from its Rise to its Fall, 2/-.....Alexander

JOHNSTON, Rev. W., Life and Labours of, 3/6 .....Nisbet

LEPICIER, A. M.—Indulgences, their Origin, etc., 10/6 .....Paul

MARSHALL, H. R.—Æsthetic Principles, 5/- net .....Macmillan

MILNER, R.—Lessons to an Adult Bible Class on the Life of Christ, Vol. 2, 7/6 .....Stock

MOLYNEUX, R. E.—Reasonable Faith and Hope, 5/-.....Longmans

MOORE, Rev. T., and BRINCKMAN, Rev. A.—The Anglican Brief against Roman Claims, 2/6 net.....Simpkin

Philosophical Works of Leibnitz, with Notes by G. M. Duncan, 15/- Paul

STOUGHTON, J.—Lights and Shadows of Church Life, 6/-.... Hodder

Strengthen your Hands, 2/- .....Gardner, Darton

THEW, J.—Broken Ideals, and other Sermons, 3/6..... ... Allenson

[*Sermons of commendable brevity and simplicity. They have been published with a view to help readers to devotional moods.*]

TISDALL, Rev. W. St. C.—The Religion of the Crescent, 4/- C.K.S.

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VEITCH, J.—Dualism and Monism, and other Essays. With Introduction by R. M. Wenley.....Blackwood

WHYTE, A.—Bunyan Characters, 3rd Series, 2/6..... Oliphant

WRIGHT, Rev. A.—The Presbyterian Church, its Worship, etc., 5/- Oliphant

FICTION.

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[*See p.* 89.]
BALFOUR, F. H.—Cherryfield Hall, 6/-.....Bentley
BALZAC, H. DE.—The Wild Ass's Skin. Trans. by Ellen Marriage. Edited by G. Saintsbury .....Dent
BESANT, W.—In Deacon's Orders, 6/- .....Chatto
BOOTHBY, G.—A Lost Endeavour, 2/6 net.....Dent
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CONRAD, J.—Almayer's Folly, 6/- .....Unwin
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DEAS CROMARTY.—Under God's Sky, 6/-.....Innes
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[*A story of the daring deeds and love-sorrows of a gallant V.C. It ends cruelly for those who have been adoring the hero.*]
FORD, J. L.—The Literary Shop, and other Tales, 5/- net Gay & Bird
FRANCIS, C. E.—Every Day's News, 1/6.....Unwin
[*See p.* 89.]
FRANCIS, M. E.—A Daughter of the Soil, 6/-..... Osgood
[*See p.* 88.]
GRANVILLE, C.—A Sapphire Ring, 6/- .....Murray
GREEN, E. E.—A Great Indiscretion, 3/6 .....Isbister
HEBBLETHWAITE, J.—Castlehill.....Allenson
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HITCHINS, J.—Which Side gave in? and other Stories ... Skeffington
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HOBBES, J. O.—The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham, 6/- Henry
[*See p.* 86.]
HODGSON, W. E.—Haunted by Posterity, 6/-..... Black
HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—The Three Graces, 2 Vols., 10/- ..... Chatto
KLEIN, C. N.—The Paving of Hell, an Operatic Episode, etc....Dean
[*Stories mainly of artistic life, and mostly unpleasant and feeble.*]
LE QUEUX, W.—Zoraida, 6/-.....Tower Publishing Co.
LINDSAY, H.—Rhoda Roberts, 3/6.....Chatto
LOWRY, H. D.—Women's Tragedies (Keynotes Series), 3/6....Lane
Marmontel's Moral Tales, selected by G. Saintsbury, 6/-.....G. Allen
[*See p.* 84.]
MARSHALL, A. H.—Lord Stirling's Son, 3/6.....Osgood
[*See p.* 88.]
MARTIN, Mrs. H.—Her Début, 3 vols., 21/-.....Hurst
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[*The matter of the tales is not very interesting, and some of them are foolishly written.*]
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[*See p.* 88.]
OLIPHANT, Mrs.—Sir Robert's Fortune, 6/-.....Methuen
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PENDLETON, L.—Corona of the Nautanaltas.....S. Low
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[*See p.* 88.]
PRYCE, R.—The Burden of a Woman, 6/-.....Innes
[*See p.* 89.]
ROBINSON, F. M.—Chimæra, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 88.]
RUSSELL, D.—The Drift of Fate, 3 vols., 15/-..... Chatto
RUSSELL, W. C.—The Convict Ship, 3 vols., 15/- net.....Chatto
SERGEANT, A.—The Mistress of Quest, 3 vols.....Hutchinson
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[*See p.* 88.]
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VINTRAS, L.—Lady Folly, 6/-.....Hurst & Blackett
[*See p.* 87.]
WATSON, H. B. M.—At the First Corner, and other Stories, 3/6 net Lane
WOODROFFE, D.—Her Celestial Husband, 6/-.....Unwin
ZANGWILL, I.—The Master, 6/-.....Heinemann
[*See p.* 84.]

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ELIOT, GEORGE.—Mill on the Floss, 2 vols., 2/6 each.....Blackwood
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[*See p.* 74.]

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

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Chaucer's The Prologue and the Knight's Tale, edited by Wyatt, 2/6 . Clive
COURTHOPE, W. J.—A History of English Poetry, vol. 1, 10/- net. Macmillan
[*See p.* 76.]
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[*See p.* 83.]
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[*Mr. Victory's muse is gentle and guileless, but not very musical. He should avoid such heroic bursts as*
"*Troll me some Eden-tune*
To charm away the flesh-fly, Grief,
That eats me all to ruin!"]
WENDELL, B.—William Shakespeare, a Study in Elizabethan Literature, 4/- net.....Dent

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[*See p.* 75.]
Chambers' Concise Gazetteer of the World, with Maps, 8/-; Companion Atlas to, 2/6.....Chambers
COWPER.—Letters, Selections from, ed. by W. T. Webb, 2/6 Macmillan
COLERIDGE, S. T.—Letters of, ed. by E. H. Coleridge, 2 vols., 32/- Heinemann
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[*See p.* 81.]
GARDNER, A.—Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, 5/-.....Putnams
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